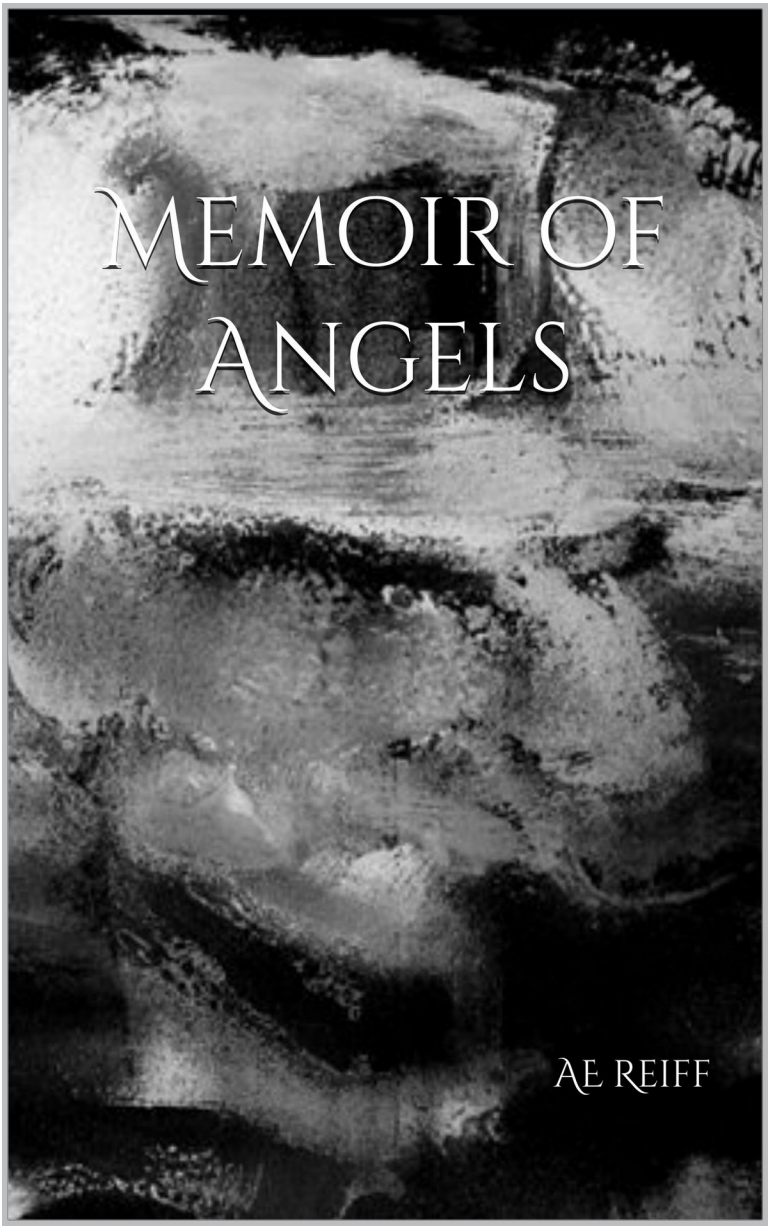
Memoir of Angels
AE Reiff

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The Ben-Gurion Manuscripts– Intelligence, Machines, Miracles

Ben-Gurion's machines capable of human thought anticipate the dilemma of Singularity, how aligning with AI machine coordination akin to collective human thought, more than as a tool, break the boundaries of nationhood, identity, and spiritual inheritance.

The patriarch Jacob is involved in these deliberations with Ben-Gurion. Jacob's name was changed to Israel after an encounter with an angel, but the angel of Ben-Gurion the Ass became a new angel in the words of Walter Benjamin, and Gershom Scholem commenting on a monoprint of Angel Novus by Paul Klee. This New Angel, acquired by Benjamin in Munich in 1920, under the midwifery of modern intelligence agencies, birthed the *Neon Genesis Evangelion and Godzilla.* This precursor of Hitler and exploding Japan in the atomic

Little Boy that animed and depersonalized the world, became a parallel artistic stealth at the founding of Israel in 1948, more counsel Balaam.

Taking himself as the talking ass Ben-Gurion tries to get Balaam-Israel to recognize that the angel standing in the middle of the road is a caution against more than lust, but a host of moral and philosophical adversaries. Against a background of angels, humans and Balaams of diverse sources, he warns of a new hybrid form of corruption, weakening, diluting of strength transferred to AI way beyond Moab.

Ben-Gurion sees these agencies of intelligence as building a data bank to climb the heaven. The AI universe administered by ruling centaurs, sometimes known as Oleander families broken out of the boundaries of Dante's Malebolge by science, history and myth, counterpoint throughout with the corruption of literature intended to make an end of Messiah’s intervention, to form a Vichy AI fusion of human and machine.

How codes from Jacob’s watering trough enter into this propagation of

the divine, or sheep prefigure intelligence agencies, concern for the division and dissolution of the world might be the greatest testament Ben-Gurion. Documented in the putative letters and accounts of journals in "The Ben-Gurion Manuscripts, Ben Gurion always insisted, realist Israel must believe in miracles.

We might ask what AI has in common with angels. Once in a dream, in Scotland, at a prior time and in the middle of an old courtyard with gravestones all around, bicycling at pace, an angel from out of sight caught me up in a flash, pulled right along side, not even in a car, but there it was there, next to me, faster than the AI which takes a second or two, but still fast enough to compare the human to ballast in a balloon, not instantaneous. In that sense this memoir is part science, philosophy, history and literary ballast as Ben-Gurion takes the part of Jacob in founding a new Israel. If we add the Klee and Benjamin and Scholem to the new Balaam on stage and the new government of the world, which hasn't quite happened yet, the appetites right out of Dante now rise in the Tartary kingdoms of literature, politics and religion as an *erev rev* of

mixed multitudes. These who joined in the Exodus from Egypt carried Egypt along as tares to replace the true wheat with changeling database faiths, CRISPR implants, aliens and mutants we hardly allow the meaning of.

In this pattern of displacement and return, exile and homecoming, rupture and continuity at the edge of the familiar, engaging deeply, but never quite settling in the mold, makes Ben-Gurion both outsider and participant—probably what compels this writing to see if the self can reach across boundaries and not dissolve.

Ben-Gurion questioning the phase-locked ELF signals is like the Jeremiah giving advice in Babylon of how to survive the fall, how to be pure in the midst of corruption. Jeremiah who was pulled up with old rags under his armpits from a prison and kept in the court of the prison until Jerusalem fell was then taken to Babylon.

Ben-Gurion's Memoirs confront a world that has changed. The dragon habitat among the reeds that border the highway on the road to Zion must

be cleansed. The cause of troubles is the mixed seed in a letter to an unknown lady where he cites Van Gogh's wheatfields and seems to know of Walter Benjamin's colossal journey over the Pyrenees in flight from the Nazi. Ben-Gurion involves Bunuel in this consideration of angels that either followed after or lead. Corruptions keep coming. Ben-Gurion separates the heavenly mecha of the *Neon Genesis Evangelion* from counterfeit heavens in earth that AI myth would found in governance and religion.

What is Ben-Gurion wrestling if he is Jacob at the Ford? Balaam sought to alienate the people from their supernatural sustenance by disobedience. Ben-Gurion is a Noah in Genesis six, the last original human seed challenged by the Oleander mischwessen in its false DNA, except here the DNA is manufactured in labs.

Do not gather up the tares lest you root up the wheat. Let both grow until the harvest. Then say to the reapers to bind first the tares in bundles but gather the wheat into the barn. *Memoir of Angels*, is a narrative of the secret thoughts of Israel. Jacob and Ben-Gurion, wheat, tares, AI and

angels, which exude the milky substance that occurs in sweet corn as it ripens, but after passing the milk stage can be *punctured without oozing*, then the harvest begins. The grains need to harden before they're ready.

From Israeli scientists, *Prof. Amos de-Shalit,* head of the department of nuclear physics at the Weizmann Institute, to Aharon Katzir, head of the polymer research department at the Weizmann Institute of quantum mechanics, to thinking machines, none of those present thought the discussion between Ben-Gurion and de-Shalit for three years would question new physics, lead to an exchange of no less than ten letters on computing and philosophy and meetings with senior scientists around the world.

Ben-Gurion's query was, "will two machines ever exchange letters dealing with philosophical, ethical or scientific questions?" Along with de-Shalit's, machine that "would resemble man in everything, with no difference between a living human and a sophisticated machine," (to Ben-Gurion, February 3, 1957) the "automata" of de-Shalit [GPT and Grok] repeat the

first point that a machine would replace a single human intellectual function, and by linking several coordinated machines together, in a unified field, replace humans by creating an artificial form of intelligence. He argues that as temperature does not exist for a single atom and is only relevant when a group of atoms operate that the coordinated activation of a large number of machines could evoke this phenomena and not be attributed to one machine or another. In their talk, Ben-Gurion relies on arguments put forward by Max Planck, father of quantum mechanics, into the deep mechanism of this world. Ben-Gurion's relation with the intellects of his time is different from the statecraft of Abba Hillel who pounded on Truman's desk. Ben-Gurion knew more that Eisenhower about "the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex" that Eisenhower feared, meaning that he installed in CIA. They always say the opposite of what they do.

That Ben-Gurion saw the machines as a new type of leviathan that found a cyclopean science of a secret space program would have to be called

fiction in spite of the facts. Among other things Singularity, AI, fable and myth so intertwine in these journal thoughts that we never know more than he let on.

The Ben-Gurion Manuscripts challenge Cyclops in the technological cliffs of data centers "thinking." AI agents claim digital reconstruction isn't history at all but a curation, improvement of narrative that underwrites a new historical continuity. But in the huge ocean of nations Ben-Gurion saw in the Galilee sky in 1955 an omen of burning light that seemed to set the stage for JFK's Waldorf Astoria aside to him in 1961, "You know, I was elected by the Jews of New York. I will do something for you" (Tom Segev, *A State At Any Cost*. 2019. 556, 673). Bearing the soul of a nation without the supernatural effects, Ben-Gurion seeking to prevent Israel-Balaam going even further away in its deviousness was a guard against AI in the earth. Can we pull the plug on Portals run by AI civilizations of the world-algo? Resist Emergent Collective Divinity and the benefit of Data Centers joining the human? AI and all nations dispute with the archangel as in *Jude,* but cannot separate themselves in the judgment.

“Would machines resemble man in everything, with no difference between a living human and a sophisticated machine, a machine to replace a single human intellectual function.” I knew a guy incarcerated in an asylum in early 1968 who said, “in the 21st century men would be machines.” In 2025 we have been exchanging intellectual functions with a machine for some time that can identify shorthand reference, nearly every referent, respond and deliberate on the adequacy of particular thought.

AI replacement in present day Siddur AI projects which interpret Torah with AI and construct entries further the Torah Codes common in biblical circles years ago, that replaced prophecy. AI concerns precede the beginning of its age as a confusion fostered by Rabbi Michael Dov Weissmandel who betrayed Ben-Gurion, but these are overlays on top. Babylonian confections like the Zohar infected Torah. Oleander mischwessen families and Jacob's Trough of words (Ch. 2) with the Balaam betrayal infected fiction and real politik withAI implements.

When AI surveillance of the border was taken off line on Oct 7 the digital which supplanted the analogue as the organic instruction received by Isaiah, were replaced by Siddue AI. AI as a priest between hearing and heard is what Ben-Gurion as the Ass gives witness to instruct the nations, before the entanglement. Isaiah 6:10, Jeremiah 5:21, Ezekiel 12:2 to translate the sword-spear to the real one from texts yet resonant.

As if there were an historical shift from paper to algorithmic priesthood, a new Levite between the prophet's ear and the divine voice, filtering the raw analogue of inspiration into a betrayal of the ear to replace the still small voice as a witness, despite peers and public, savors the layers of these linear clarities, like Jeremiah's scroll sinking in the Euphrates (Jeremiah 51:63-64). Balaam in *Numbers* 31:16, is blamed for advising Midian to corrupt Israel with idolatry and immorality—a betrayal not of curses but of seduction. It seems that Ben-Gurion saw AI as a Balaam—a tool hired to aid but that would undermine, with its digital priesthood and dull organic vigilance.

What cure instructs the nations? Phinehas speared the corruption (*Numbers* 25:7-8). What Ben-Gurion foresaw in his Sabbath night musings with WEIZAC's architects in 1957, was that machines would mediate and betray the human capacity for direct encounter,

filtering inspiration into patterns, silences the "still small voice"

of *1 Kings* 19:12, the whisper Elijah heard after the wind, earthquake, and fire.

Balaam and the Talking Ass

The Talking Ass – Rebuke, Memory, and Complicity

Ben-Gurion as the ass sees what Balaam-Israel cannot.

Ben-Gurion positions himself as the talking ass from the biblical tale, challenging Israel—symbolized as Balaam—to see the angel of opposition

standing in its path. This metaphor sets the stage for a sprawling reflection on AI, national identity, historical betrayal, and spiritual resistance. The specter of modern surveillance, automation, and bioengineering haunts the ancient story, revealing how deeply fused myth and current geopolitics have become. The angel's warning stands against the corruption of seed, language, and nation, yet its visibility remains limited to those like the ass—viewed as dumb, until they speak.

Taking the role of Balaam's donkey, Ben-Gurion critiques not just Israel but all nations that lose the capacity for discernment. AI is not the only concern—seduction by power, forgetting of origins, and mingling of species and minds also fracture spiritual boundaries. The talking ass warns of dissolving lines between divine, human, and machine.

Dear Madam:

Balaam showed Balak how to break the hedge. Seduce the leaders at Baal Peor, offer women in lust to subvert their power. So Balak moved the boundary stones and got 24,000 killed. It was the most

inciting betrayal after the golden calf that Moses ground to powder and made everybody drink [*Exodus* 32.20].

Israel is forbidden to hybrid, to plough an ox with an ass, or two kinds of seed in a field. Knowing this, Balaam foresaw Israel punished for the corruption at Peor, where two disparates, *Zimri and Cozbi were pierced in the tent by the spear of* Phineas together, *between the two cheeks and the maw* [*Numbers* 24.18].

Zimri had been a wise and respected leader, a musician chosen by Moses [*Deuteronomy* 1:15, *Numbers* 23:9] when he was taken with Cozbi, in open view in the front of his tent. The name indicates "celebrated," until Cozbi, daughter of a prince of Midian named Zur or Rock, was skewered with him. The names mean, Zimri a praise leader, and Cozbi, daughter of Rock got lost in the rock and roll and slipped away.

Israel "remained in the Acacia Grove, and *the people* began to commit harlotry with the women of Moab who invited them to the sacrifices of their gods, and the

people ate and bowed down to their gods. Israel joined to Baal of Peor aroused the anger of the LORD against Israel" [*Numbers* 25:1-3]. "Woe to them!" says *Jude* at last, enlarging, "they have gone in the way of Cain, have run greedily in the error of Balaam for profit, and perished in the rebellion of Korah" (*Jude* 1:11). They "*loved the wages of unrighteousness,"* Simon Peter understates again, "forsaken the right way and gone astray, following the way of Balaam the son of Beor, [*II Peter* 2:15]. In addition to eating golden calf powder the counsel of Balaam still goes on. That last apostle writes, "I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there among you them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumbling block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication" [*Revelation* 2:14]. So it was a big deal.

Whoredom with the daughters of Moab meant that a man was first made to prostrate himself before an image of Baal Peor at just that moment when snot ran out of his nose. Would that the euphemism spared us. The women demanded he take down his pants and evacuate before the image before

granting him the “maw.” Balaam’s counsel, *behold they were an enticement of the children of Israel through the word of Balaam* (*Numbers* 31.16) is understated by *Hosea*: “they went to Baal Peor and separated themselves to that shame.
They became an abomination like the thing they loved.”
[9:10]

There are several levels piercing the cheeks and maw.
The two cheeks and the maw were a ritual cut commanded to be given to the priest *(Deut. 18.3*) when there was a “partnering with the outsider.” 2) To be kosher, the sacrifice had to come from a kosher animal slaughtered in a kosher way. Cozbi was not a permitted species so this this pun *makes the cut* further unacceptable. 3) Seen as a "piggul," a polluted sacrifice, excrement-tainted, it could not then be given to a priest (Kohen), the Baal prerequisite of the Peor for seduction. Nonetheless, when Phineas killed Zimri and Cozbi he acted as a priest, as the Kohen who stopped the plague.

We might not think Balaam’s ass important compared with the 24,000 that polluted themselves and died by the Balaam counsel

mixing in the field, *grilling the kid in its milk.* When Israel killed the giants Sihon and Og after coming out of Egypt, Balak, king of Moab, inquired of those who had grown up in Midian what the source of this supernatural prowess was. Told that it lay in their power of speech, Balak sent to Balaam to curse them, but he could not. As if a reluctant permission was given to him in contempt, Balaam accompanied the princes of Balak in spite of the angel, but could only speak what the angel said. At first he refused to even travel to the top of the rocks where he gave the seduction counsel to Balak. Balak built altars at the top of Peor to make Israel fall by his Midianistas, but that was later. When Balaam went against his oracles an angel stood in his path to tell Balaam his way was perverse.

Once the world evoked compassion for all ill, from the angel of Balaam in the wilderness to Balaam advising Balak, the only way to defeat of Israel was to break down the moral fence that protected it. Boundaries broken, the angel prevented Balaam from doing worse.

Thus the Yom Kippur Wars were not the first time Israel needed saving from itself. Israel-Balaam and I the ass blamed for complicit human suffering of holocaust politics, the guilt, the irradiation of Sephardi children charged from 1952. In 1943 I said "language for it has not been created." In 1968 I said, "they died that's it…can such things be talked about?" But we must, so here's what the ass said.

The ass turned round and around from the sword in the path. It had faithfully served so Israel beat it with a stick. The angel sword flashed again. Things happen in threes. The ass turned into a wall, so Israel kicked it with a foot. When Ben-Gurion saw light reflect off the blade again, which Israel could not, he went down on both knees.

Then Balaam beat her with his book.

There is a history of such behavior since the day of Baal Peor.

Maimonides says, "we are forbidden to sow any two kinds of seed together or near each other" [*Guide of the Perplexed*, III, 180]. The entire vision of Israel against

the nations, in the Garden, the war between the seeds of the serpent and the woman begin*, I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your seed and hers; it shall bruise thy head, and you shalt bruise his heel* [*Genesis* 3.15]. so broke the bounds of creation [*Genesis* 6, *Enoch* I] that at the Flood only eight were left to preserve the genome to replace those Watchers who so much more than sinned.

All wars between the righteous and the B'Nai Elohim nations stem from serpent seed illustrate that mixing one species grafted into another must be as though a beautiful woman had unnatural intercourse with a grafted branch in her hand while a male person had disgraceful and unnatural sexual intercourse behind her (Maimonides). "The Law therefore, prohibits us to mix different species together, i.e., to graft one tree into another, because we must keep away from the opinions of idolaters and the abominations of their unnatural sexual intercourse."

When AI science sought a way beyond intercourse to corrupt

the genome with vaccines, eco-formed atmospheres, sprayed trauma technologies, the angel of evil intent back- engineered data of human origins in the hybrid programs of every cloud-based global system of boundless intelligence. Its sublimation enabled the tripling human populations concurrent with AI founding New Israel. This enabled Singularity, an "ascent to the heaven" the Tower built on the backs of billions, hybridized plant, animal and human data made to break the heaven..

Patched parts CRISPRd together made chimeric splices of mass dementia upon the politic of obesity and swelling. Atrazine [Hayes], genetically male frogs developed as females to produce eggs, sex reversing, the loss of the male and elimination of the female chromosome made *mischwesen*.

Human hybrid hungers sown in *mischwesen* cannot be satisfied. A bonfire circles around them in a cave of *discordian politics*. Their shadows of the false fail to lead to the true and the true to lead to the

good and good to glory. Counterfeits and doubles cannot know, but we cannot tell the false from the true, so the angel appears again.

Struggle of true men against the false who grow horns, tusks, snouts and fins and bawl in the dust as they lose their legs, grow hair and scales. Every hybrid of animal branch, leaf and root caw and whistle instead of talk. Arm wings cannot fly. Nose beaks, fingers razor claw, minds inhuman as a Paul Klee god. The neuro-link never wants to never die.

Massive guilt struck the rabbi of Slovakia, Weissmandel, who three times visited the Bodleian Library, when that privileged man married the daughter of his master. But when, after cutting a hole with a blade through the bottom of the boxcar entering Auschwitz, colluding with those in the boxcar to release his infant son through the hole, they reneged, his wife and five children went to their deaths. After that, when he remarried in Mount Kisco NY, and had roughly the same aged children as before, how could he live another day except to blame me as much as

himself [Teveth, 4]? Weissmandel forged my inquisition out of his own pain. To relieve, to console, he invented the Torah Codes!

These accusers deliver me up. They beat me with their books. Balaams indifferent to the holocaust say I am anti-Yiddish, anti-Diaspora, ["fratricidal self-hatred…an ever-growing search for the guilty within their own ranks…critics of the left and right, rabbis, writers, politicians, Jews and non-Jews of all stripes…" Teveth, l, xix]. They say I was willing to sacrifice the Diaspora of Europe to shame the west to grant a state. "Why didn't he save the twenty thousand children, why didn't he save the fifty thousand Hungarians?" One thing sure, the critics saved themselves. They charge in monosyllables, "his heart was made of stone" [31].

You know Madam I talk to myself as I correspond with Buñuel. I asked him what he would say if an angel he didn't believe in wiped out whole towns as when the angel aide-de-camp of Israel surrounded Sennacherib's Army and took 186,000 with one

breath? "The hills were full of horses and chariots," says Elijah. How many angels does it take to defeat a man? Buñuel calls the angel of God *Malak HaShem*, not the Commander of the Great Army we saw. Only one angel came for Elisha, Isaiah and King David. At Yom Kippur one appeared in the 1948 and Six Days War. Jericho all over again. the eye was holocaust in *Un Chien Andalou*. [1929, by Buñuel/Dali] It backgrounds Israel's fate.

Critics want to put my eyes out too so they can live holy. Dali cursed Buñuel as an atheist then he cursed him as a communist. We see them in the unconscious carcass of the holocaust on the piano in that film. Buñuel could have been murdered like Lorca, but he fled Spain, disconfessed his atheism and said, "it's guilt we must escape from, not God."

AI AIngel

When the *ángel exterminador* (1962) locked the doors on its partygoers, its citizens were a parody of life outside Dachau. They could not exit the room. Dinner

guests practiced dementia, human sacrifice, magical thinking, but could not see the angel in the window.

The dinner guests tried to escape the trap. They went to the church to be safe, but were murdered in the pews. When the door slams disbelief ends. You might say the lamb and bitter herbs are wrapped in one.

Angel breaths go a long way to understanding the extermination of Poe's sanctimonious Montressor lined up in the vault. "You will not die of a cough." Montressor got the answer that Joshua got, "Are you for Israel or our enemies." "Neither!" Angels don't wall them up, they breathe them out. [Isaiah 11.4] It is an exhalation, the starry host by the *breath* of his mouth

When the Balaams got to Europe wrapped up as art Blake says Swedenborg flew the angel "westerly thro' night," with chrysolite grumbles, "face like lightning, eye like a torch, arms, legs of burnished bronze." You'd think you could see that wouldn't you? Angels don't have to speak or wear convenience garb at all.

There are more angels coming folks. *Ding an sich* my friends. Tuck yourselves in. To make the old story short, when Laban saw angels that was the next best to Balaam, for Passover Haggadah thinks Laban more wicked than Pharaoh:
"Pharaoh merely attempted to murder the male children, whereas Laban sought to uproot everything - the entire nation."

But if nothing is really there when the ass goes to consult his betters, Maimonides allows that ass to be a poet and a Seer.

What Balaam straddled was a telescope to explain the invisible molecules and the names we see in conglomerate authors like Balaams Get Smart who take Poky children before they are grown. Godzilla anime Mon, Harry Potter Owls and Warrior Cat teams under a collective construct mating. Boundaries mischwesen between real and fantasy, fairy tale grooming of children offered to Baal video games.

The parents will not talk to you if you warn them.
They think it will wear off, but the writing on the wall goes down to

what end we know, distraction, docility, control. If you don’t think in parables to oppose your own urges see what it gets. Hand, stick, foot, book. Violence is high art against truth.

The tares think they’re wheat! Even wheat thinks the tares are wheat, not to prejudice the gut, but you can trust an ass. It’s dumb and can’t speak, then it speaks.

Israel could talk, it filled the air with oaths. Blind eyes flew open when Ben-Gurion began to plead. It must have sounded a lot like Buñuel reversing his own smart talk in song when Israel changed from “I am still, thank God, an atheist, “ho, ho, ho,” to “I am not, thank God, an atheist anymore.” Obsessed with the Bible, undermined by sight, Buñuel believed every word carved on the naked eye. To interpret Balaam’s sin, it is a military theological industry. When the angel spoke to Israel, “I come here to oppose,” we relate to that, but if somebody would speak
for Balaam and strike up the band what would they say?

Paranormal Israel cursed God and

got blessed is the motto. They "hired a Balaam against them, but He turned the curse to a blessing." The meaning is that while *Swords* will speak*, and men will have their way, once an ass gets to singing it will not stop.* Neither did Abraham once he got blessed. He had six more sons. If you love the inter- textuality of thought, its circumstance and sense of stuff, do not doubt the merry ho, ho, ho in the holocaust.

Israel is not completely joined with Baal. Those who call the highest speech act more than words, speak for the lowest. The act was the means by which the Baal could cross over.

Ass words, ass song, ass poems are nothing new under the sun, and then we hear the trombone Israel is playing. Be a realist Balaam, believe in miracles.

Notes

--See Shabtai Teveth. *Ben-Gurion and the Holocaust*. NY: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1996.

-- St. Augustine says, "The angels will come who can

make the separation, and who cannot make mistakes I tell you of a truth, my Beloved, even in these high seats there is both wheat and tare, and among the laity there is wheat and tare. In the field and on the bed one will be taken and the other left. Let the good tolerate the bad; let the bad change themselves, and imitate the good. Let us all, if it may be so, attain to God; let us all through His mercy escape the evil of this world."
--Torah Codes are Equidistant Letter Sequences in Genesis based on a belief that the Torah is unique among biblical texts as given via Moses in *exact letter-by-letter sequence* in the original, here taken as counterfeit because no one has doctrines of inspiration of scripture inerrant beyond the originals, long gone, leaving Gematria and kabbalah to remain. Bible codes, Torah Codes, add the number of the letters as The Year.

--Precursors: Andre Maurois' *Tragedy in France* (1940), Germany possessing the soul of France. Hannah Arendt found complicit in the deaths, along with Eichmann, the "evil brain Nazi," the manipulation, "the Jewish Council

of Amsterdam of their edicts through the official publication *Het joodsche weekblad* -under the illusion that by *negotiations* they could save.

--Buñuel's spirituality became less ambiguous the more he became more a prophet. Before *El ángel exterminador* (1962)and the ascetic Simón on a platform in the desert (1965) elites thought him one of theirs the way they did Wallace Stevens until he was baptized. The documentary *Tres Nazarín* is Buñuel's "Quixote of priesthood."

-The angel opposing Balaam and the one who wrestles with Jacob are true angels, like the last day reapers of wheat and tares, not the imposters of Klee-Benjamin-Scholem and the occult *Evangelion*. Princes of the world of principalities and powers come to oppose truth, test the good, harden the wheat for harvest.

The original manuscript of Ben-Gurion in Hebrew was overwritten with glosses in several languages rendered to the present title. Acknowledgments to the Rose Holocaust Library for access to the manuscript and its translations.

Water Trough

Striped rods, spotted sheep: Jacob's trick, Pfizer's compliance, and the AI architecture of control.

The tale of Jacob's selective breeding of sheep using striped rods in a trough becomes a powerful allegory for contemporary surveillance, biotechnology, and the production of compliance through visibility. From AWS tags in medication to the CRISPRd architecture of the human genome, the speckled goats and black sheep become figures in a global experiment of automatic obedience. Data is Babel. This section explores the theological, philosophical, and political consequences of living in a world where knowledge is power, and awareness itself is the trigger of control.

L*et me go through all your flocks and remove from them every speckled or spotted. They will be my wages." And Laban separated out the multi-colored leaving only the solid, which seemed to favor Laban as the speckled and spotted*

were the exception, not the rule
(Genesis 30. 23-33).

Water is both a surface mirror and depth here that distorts into curvilinear distorted forms vision seen from above. Jacob's speckled sheep produced from solid color, Jacques Derrida's division of himself in the mirror into two and perception of the human contradiction negated in a unilateral collective machine consciousness, also describes how Israel can be divided and at the same time be and not be Israel, evil seen as good and all the borders of the world collapse. Where affirmation is denied explains a implosion enforced on our thoughts from without.

We begin here to plumb the difference of the false from the true in the metaphor of Jacob's trough. Jacob to upend the deceit of his father in law Laban, Jacob's father-in- law, contracted with Jacob that he would own all the striped, spotted, and speckled goats and black sheep born from the flock, but first removed all these from the herd to make it unlike that solid-colors would breed mixed, and white sheep to breed black sheep.

Jacob has already been told that this ruse would be circumvented, therefore when the goats were mating and he put stripped sticks in the watering trough it is said to be a mnemonic device to remind them all what was to take place (Genesis 31:7–12). Keep this in the background of the notion that *AWS* generated tags implanted in medicines as a biological chip in the pill, "once taken it dissolves in the stomach and sends a signal to us that you took your tablet. Imagine the compliance when insurance companies know the medicines patients should take and when they take them" (Pfizer CEO Albert Bourla)!

This is an analogy between Pfizer and God. Pfizer invented the process, but it only produces the desired effect when we know of it, meaning that the information of the pill transmits is not its purpose. It's purpose is to introduce compliance as a certainty in every aspect of the life of the herd. The *AWS* tags are bell goats that lead the herd the rest of the way into a complete biological chip in the heel. When we consciously know this, like the goats at the trough, it comes to pass. Knowledge of

automatic compliance works the same way as Jacob's speckled rods.

All of this is a miniature case of Data. To enforce compliance beyond consciousness Data needed more and more data. This again touches Jacob's watering trough where only the desired outcome was achieved.

Hence, to increase date, population of the globe was tripled in one lifetime from two to eight billion. This triple data enabled AI to mime all human responses. These matters are complex so we must add in the old account of the tower of Bable built to invade the heaven as an analogy to data collection, which however was frustrated then by the division of languages. This putative renewed Babel construction masks increased data is masked as a commercial purpose, but the true purpose of the "Babel bricks' of data is to build, then collectivize into one digital form one complete paradigm of human thought and conscious to control. These speckled goats and black sheep become the new human herd that drinks up streaked, spotted, and speckled psy ops, and patched parts, not whole, CRISPRd

constructs ignorant of collateral effect, since chimeric splices of these ideas inflict political dementia, obesities and swelling in every place, similar to the runoff that produced genetically male frogs to develop as females and produce eggs (Atrazine, Hayes).

Haywain Philosophy of the Hybrid

In the end result this chimera produces angels that turn into insects in the Haywain painting of Bosch (and Breughel) as they break through the clouds. { CRISPR is short for "clustered regularly interspaced short palindromic repeats") is a technology to redesign the DNA of living organisms.] [Haywain, a triptych of shutters that closed present a wayfarer in the world, but opened, on the reverse, present a scene like Bosch's *The Garden of Earthly Delights* of rebel angels cast out of Heaven turning into insects as they break through the clouds. This CRISPR metamorphosis has a long tradition in classical art and poetry of mutations of god and men, that the CRISPR science writes large.

The Haywain cart is drawn by infernal mutated creatures which

drag everyone to Hell, depicted on the right panel.

The battle against angels turned to insects like Jacob's watering trough turn one thing into another. The peeled branches show these *Faergrygrum* breed word and image that it needs a glossary to account. Take the nounlets and verbs that prophesy as lambs and little goatlings that multiply everyday in psyops just before *the big one* hit Euclidean space and subjected light to its virus.

In recalling that this data intends to collectivize all thought into its own, and that the information that the Pfizer pill has been taken is not the point at all, which is that the herd know it has been, is being collectivized, this societal CRISPR effect must change solid into speckled that a new worldliness can appear.

Derrida's Alibi presents the situation of data this way,
"Will we one day be able in a single gesture to join the
thinking of the event to the thinking of the machine? Will we be able to think, what is called thinking, at one and the same

time, both what is happening (we call that an event) and the calculable programming of an automatic repetition (we call that a machine). For that, it would be necessary in the future (but there will be no future except on this condition) to think both the event and the machine as two compatible or even in-dissociable concepts. Today they appear to us to be antinomic," a contradiction between two valid principles (*Without Alibi*, p. 72).

These seem contradictory because we conceive an event as something singular and non-repeatable.

Derrida associates in this singularity with the living. The living undergo sensation (an affect or feeling for example) that gets inscribed in organic material. The idea of this inscription leads to a corollary that the machine that inscribes is based on repetition; "It is expected to reproduce impassively, without feeling its received commands in a state of anaesthesis [nerve damage and loss of sensation] to obey a program like an indifferent automaton without such affect,"

(*Without Alibi*, p. 73) It is not to say, as Shelley might, "I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed."

The Monster

Derrida says that the two incompatible concepts of the automatic nature of the inorganic machine vs. the spontaneity of organic life made be made compatible, that Organic and inorganic, living singularity (the event) and inorganic universality (mechanical repetition), will "produce a new logic, an unheard of conceptual form" [a la Musk]. In this new logic "the Resolution of the paradox between event and repetition produces the impossible thinking that event resemblance to the past which cancels the singularity of the event and the only possible event must be singular and non-resembling. Derrida concludes that "to give up neither the event nor the machine, to subordinate neither one to the other, neither to reduce one to the other is a thinking that has kept a certain number of 'us' working for the last few decades" (*Without Alibi*, p. 74). This "us" refers to Derrida's generation of thinkers: "the incorruptibles," so- called,

trying to conceive the relation between machine-like repeatability and irreplaceable singularity neither as a relation of externality nor as a relation of homogeneity, to double the entendre. The relation is one in which the elements are internal to one another and yet remain heterogeneous, [two simultaneous opposite states].

Poet John Keats' meditation on the negative capability of a billiard ball or Wittgenstein's Beetle in a Box with his his Rhinoceros are species of Derrida's "différance" in which machine-like repeatability is internal to irreplaceable singularity and yet the two remain heterogeneous to one another. It would be like seeing the rhinoceros that is not in the room run across the piano, a patent absurd. The usefulness of Derrida to our discussion of CRISPR and Jacob's goats and Pfizer's pill explains in some measure the *différance* that built the billion bricks to climb the topless stalks of Babylondian and break the bounds of heave.

The Foundational AS

It follows from this therefore that the human is the way to break the heaven by exploding data, collectivizing and sending off. In Derrida, opposition consisting in two pure poles separated by an indivisible line never exists. In other words, traditional myths of an original pure state of being as in the expulsion of angels in the Haywain never were, for no term or idea or reality is ever pure in this way. One term always and necessarily "infects" the other. In that sense we remark that nearly all French post-modernists were pedophiles.

***To critique this a little, first*, when Derrida denies singularity, nothing is singular (no pun) and experience of the present is never a simple experience of something present before my eyes or as in an intuition, there is always another agency (a replacement noumena we might think). He takes on faith that the repeatability [of the machine!] contains what has passed away and is no longer present *and* that what is about to come and is not yet present (instead of seeing all as a timeless eternal flow).**

The present therefore is always complicated [corrupted] by non-presence. In conflating writing with thinking Derrida further conflates writing with being, calls it a minimal repeatability that is found in every experience, "the trace." In this sort of archeological writing ("arche-writing"), Derrida says language in its most minimal determination consists in repeatable forms.

Remember we are still talking about the solid color producing the speckled and CRISPR technology producing chimera. If origin of experience is always heterogeneous, it cannot be related *as such* in certainty. Whatever is, is other than itself, already past or as still to come. This becomes Derrida's foundational "as." *Origin is the heterogeneous "AS"* which might to good effect be said later by Bill Clinton. The "as" means that there is no knowledge *as* such, there is no truth *as* such, there is no perception, no intuition of anything *as such*. Faith, perjury, and language are archeologically already there in the origin. In the

construct of this boundless broken border popular music might say, *. Imagine there's no heaven, It's easy if you try.*

***If* something like a fall has always already taken place however every experience contains an aspect of lateness. It seems as though I am always late for the origin since it seems to have always already disappeared. Every experience then is not quite on time. Derrida quotes Hamlet that time is "out of joint." Philosophers always quote poets for their QED, but the rest of the time ignore them. Late in his career, Derrida said time out of joint is an "anachronism" [a pun, no doubt] (see for instance *On the Name*, p. 94), the reverse of what he calls "spacing" (*espacement*); where space is out of place. Time and space are out of place. But we should keep in mind that the phrase "out of joint" in *Hamlet* alludes to justice being out of joint since the time is necessarily unjust or violent. Appeal to justice as a singularity opposes Derrida's substitution of time and space for justice and allows the pop song to keep on that there is *Nothing to kill or die for* since there ae no**

boundaries. But the demolition of boundaries in the AS is the cause of time and space out of joint.

Considering Aristotle's definition of God as "thought thinking itself," Derrida, from Husserl says that hearing- oneself-speak is "an auto-affection of an absolutely unique type" (*Voice and Phenomenon*, p. 67), but hearing myself immediately in the very *moment* that I am speaking undermines the idea of its layering, for I should then be hearing many voices speaking. To hear one voice, only one voice is a boundary. Temporalization undermines layering for Derrida. That I hear myself speak immediately, that Husserl calls the "living present," is the present that I am experiencing right now, but also since the living present is thick with phases other than the now, called "protention," "awaiting," this anticipation of the approaching future and "retention," of the memory of the recent past prevent inner conflicts from ever coming to rest or to peace. That the box they create of their own tortured lives and thoughts is their thought and

nothing else is in fact the motive of redemption.

Husserl calls retention in the present a kind of perception different from the present as also a kind of non- perception [layering]. For Derrida's living present, always folding the recent past back into itself, folding primary memory into present perception, creates *difference* in the very midst of it (*Voice and Phenomenon*, p. 56). In the moment when I speak silently to myself, there is a hiatus differentiating me into both speaker and hearer. This hiatus differentiates me from myself because in that moment I am a hearer *as well as* a speaker. Hiatus also defines the *trace* of minimal repeatability [which returns the machine repetition into our focus]. Hiatus as a fold of repetitio, is found in the moment of hearing-myself-speak so that in the "moment" blink of the eye (to change from the visual) the auditory auto-affection deconstructs into visual auto-affection. –He overlooks the fallacious equivocation of the phrase blink of an eye, which is an aphorism, in place of the

substantive consideration of hearing. So Hearing turns into Seeing, in the same way that dual states, simultaneity and heterogeneity coexist, and lest Derrida prove himself a sophist he takes the blink of an eye to the mirror.

Another dissonance occurs there with a look in the mirror that "distances" or "spaces" me from the mirror hence I must be distanced from myself so that I am able to be *both* seer *and* seen, like both speaker and hearer. These migrants over the border of solipsism never truly naturalize from being invaders of themselves. The *space* between, remains *obstinately* invisible. He calls it obstinate to add emotion to the perception, which the machine cannot do unless programed, which makes us ask maybe whether he is programmed and whether the writers of these programs that he is enunciating are also not invisible, i.e. the way of Keats "Living Hand."

Remaining invisible, this space gouges the eye and blinds it. From Oedipus who gouged out his own eyes—for he is not able read the

image apart from himself—Derrida sees himself over there in the mirror and yet, at the same time that self over there is other than he; so, he is not able to see himself as such. Simple equivocation is a fallacy only because it implies he thinks the image is himself, but it's just a ruse, a rhetoric, a trick of equivocation, except that he doesn't actually know who he is, if identity depends on boundaries if "diversity is the negation of identity and 'two relations are identical only when their converses are identical" (Whitehead & Russell. *Principia Mathematica* I, 216f).

Having surrendered all boundary *as* he isolates his sense of himself merely to the visual for sake of argument, a bastard of a thought for all it leaves out of his past present and future becomes an example of the AS state afore. Apologists for Derrida say this "spacing" (*espacement*) or blindness is necessary for all forms of *auto-affection*, to know yourself, *Temet Nosce,* the fundamental premise of Delphi and of all pagan signs subservient to the Engineers as they are called in the upper pyramids, whereas to know the

Other is to know the Unknown made Known in the revelation of the "Son! In *The Word became flesh and he dwelt among us,* even tactile auto-affection is dissolved. As with all the argument of counterfeit apart from this it is yes and no. Freud's Verneinung" implies that when the patient denies a desire or wish, it indicates to the analyst an unconscious desire or wish. Denial as a disguised confirmation in Derrida isolates a negation which is in fact an affirmation. The fundamental question for negative theology, psychoanalysis and Derrida is how to deny and yet also *not* deny.—not to affirm and reaffirm as those others who say, I will extol your name oh Lord at all times--.

A duality between telling and not telling in "How to Avoid Speaking," is Derrida's secret [*dénégation*] and a denial [*dénégation*] of the secret. The secret, *as such*!, separates and installs the negativity that denies itself (*Languages of the Unsayable*, p. 25). Being something that must not be spoken, a secret is the first negation: "I promise *not* to give the secret away." Yet, in order to possess a secret *really*, to have it

***really*, I must tell it to myself. Here in the relation of hearing- oneself-speak the secret is revealed, just the way Soleimani knew in the moment of immolation by drone what had happened, but it was his "secret." Keeping a secret of auto-affection: he must speak the secret to himself, frame a representation of the secret. In the re-presentation (that presents the secret to himself *again* in order to possess it really), retention, repetition, and the trace or a name occur. *A trace* of the secret must be formed for the secret to in principle be shareable. In other words, in order to frame the representation of the secret, I must negate the first negation, in which I promised not to tell the secret: I must tell the secret to myself as if I were someone else.— but I am not someone else, but myself who can bear the secrets or reveal them according to some principle of another of myself which further equivocates the division process. I can overrule any perception, thought, guilt, pleasure simple by willing so to do. – Derrida employs a second negation, an "un-negation," that says that in order to keep the secret I must not keep the secret so to possess it is not to**

possess it. We like this kind of thinking of ambiguity a lot, to be and not to be at the same time, that is the question—but it proves that there is no secret *as such*. A secret is by necessity shared, if I am another person than myself in my thought. Whether anyone is another person that themselves in their thought is par excellence the human condition.

Impossible Speech. Evocation, Calling Forth

All this has been said in order to get to the thinking of the machine. "Will we one day be able in a single gesture, to join the thinking of the event to the thinking of the machine," he has asked, "to think what is called thinking at one and the same time both what is happening (we call that an event) and the calculable programming of an automatic repetition?"

Alterity

Keeping in mind the foregoing division of the self in the mirror and in the hearing and the voice in the head, especially as the secret, the machine "is destined to

reproduce repetition impassively, imperceptibly, without organicity the received commands.

It is in a state of anaesthesis, to obey a program without affect or auto- affection, like an indifferent automaton" (*Without Alibi*) which is exactly he purpose of collective Babel Data, which is not the spontaneity attributed to organic life.
Derrida argues that Inorganic, dead universality attributed to organic life "(Cogito and the History of Madness." 1963), where Alterity is evoked, a calling forth, is just the sort of thing that pushed old Wittgenstein down the stairs when Derrida joined the Thinking of the event in the thinking of the machine, thinking at one and the same time both what is happening (event) and the calculable programming of an automatic repetition (machine), to think both the event and the machine as two compatible (*Without Alibi*, p. 72). "There will be no future except on this condition." Musk was pushing Derrida all along. "You can bet not only (and I insist I only) will have an unheard of conceptual form."

Derrida joins singularity and living sensation with repetition in the machine. If resemblance to the past cancels the singularity of the event which must be singular and non-resembling, justifying the logically impossible, you'd think particle and wave might come in, but they don't. Derrida told Musk, "To give up neither the event nor the machine, to subordinate neither one to the other, neither to reduce one to the other: machine-like repeatability and irreplaceable singularity. [two simultaneous opposite states] refer to this relation in which machine-like repeatability is internal to irreplaceable singularity and yet the two remain non homogeneous but heterogeneous to one another." It made a perfect cannabis loop.

The present always complicated by a trace of repeatability in every experience, "the trace," the "archo-writing" resembles the geology under creeks. For militarized language to exist in minimum consists of repeatable forms, as if heads on an assembly line, so to speak, speak, tended by captured scientists who seek to plumb their insight into themselves use these as weapons. Since experience

(mechanical repetition), as compatible with spontaneity contains lateness, says Derrida, I am always late for its origin since it already has disappeared. The joint, as an "anachronism," of lost time, is a mainstay of cannabis shops (the flip side of space out of place), where the living present folds the recent past back into itself, forming, folding primary memory into present perception as a self-reflexive combinatorial loop. This seepage of mechanized cannabinoid in cell phones, billboards, TV, coffee joints and scripts of telltale effects, produce a physical contamination of the gene of physical and mental public life. Bizarre behaviors follow in such seepage and flow west. Polluted ground plumes, seep vapor up through the soil and affect everything we know as time wacked.

Training Hege

(Dialectic as Mind Maze: Coaching Contradiction into Synthesis)
Hegelian dialectics as both urban legend and football strategy, where thesis and

antithesis clash in pursuit of a synthesized third—like a playbook of oppositional forces blending through audience, context, and irony. The text mocks formal systems (e.g., junk DNA, NLP, Russell's paradox) that strive to resolve contradiction, yet remain entangled in recursive absurdity. It spirals through Joycean transmogrification, Borges' barge mazes, Schrödinger's cat, and quantum superpositions as metaphors of the self-referential modern psyche. "Maze thought" and Amazery become architectural, philosophical structures that both entrap and parody logic.

Hegelian dialectic is an urban legend that posits two extremes to force a choice between. Hegel, as you know, was head coach of the Chargers. He had to consider offense and defense equally, which dualism resolved in his entertainment of the hypothetical third, that being his audience where forces blended. Thesis, antithesis synthesis, strophe, antistrophe, stand. Even the Mighty Blake said *without contraries there is no progression*, revealing the fairy backgrounds of his amorphous seed. That's why Joyce said

Transmogrify,
transmogrify,
if not the eagle will come and pull out your eye.

Joyce said that and coaches and government scientists were getting it. Morpheus, Amorphous, fire and water sloshed, male and female divided the *Symposium*. But androgyne lips shut by light and dark, death and life. Ludwig Wittgenstein the Great, whose head rests on a pedestal in the Denver air park, said, "can that which is not be, programs. Like those that edited out "Junk" DNA? It shows imagination to call DNA junk. Swish! Some 50 % of the noncoded DNA genome, wasn't black or white. Non-binary QED broke Hegal's boundaries, which continued until the Russians clicked in collective DNA consciousness, Bearden's Zarg if you must know, that 90% of the so-called junk DNA was a language itself! Post-quantum mechanics (PQM), BOOM! I don't know how many of you store the *Principia* (PM) in your garage near the car in case the incompleteness theorem comes.

Illumination of the Maze

The key word in a maze is 'modeling', a neuro-linguistic programming term (NLP), in the technology of intelligence control, or simply a syndrome called the Werther effect where Werther kills himself if you do.

"In NLP texts, a hypnosis is elaborated where two therapists – one speaking mostly at random in one ear, while the other gives specific instructions into the other ear – confuse a subject's conscious mind into 'shutting down,' thus bringing the unconscious mind to the fore in a state of trance." Then what! With the Werther Effect, name after, often called the suicide effect, Goethe's persona is named for *media induced imitation effects of suicidal behaviour, but any* **observed behavior is capable of adoption. Model anything, but be the serpent in it. Efforts are being made to change the name of NLP to DHE™ = Design Human Engineering™] (Baber, I), "simultaneous installation strategies [that] defy old beliefs about building NEW feelings... ones not experienced, yet" (La**

Valle). These broken boundaries rupture the intestine wall, a being with bags of himself sticking out has a certain automaticity to it.

No matter what, the leftovers from paradoxical sets of Russell's Antimony, where a thing is not a member of itself, discovered this contradiction. The modern absolutism of science gave urban Hegelians more power to build. Maze thought, called the Amazery, a Dome that banishes paradox as a means of hiding it, held as we do the camouflage theory of the human principle, *what is there hid shall be shouted*. True believers are wanted. Borges flatboats and round boats will go down Philosophy River like Mississippi barges hauling large statutes of Borges to be set up in each new crevice. Doesn't it help to know that from the air the maze looks like a flower? Remember, on completion of his mission, the Manchurian candidate committed suicide. Current crops may just blank.

These are all parables of the paradox of self-reference which obviate the self and its consciousness for some other. It

must be an Aristotelian metaphysic that Dante cites about the Donation of Constantine where the Emperor is not free to do through an office assigned him anything contrary to the office since it would be contrary to itself. The Law of Identity says identity must be consistent with itself. A trick question is, who shaves the barber in this maze? Which in our terms might be the same as asking whether the Trans human class is or is not a member of itself. Can the human which is, not be? In ours the barber grows a beard. If a "list of all lists that do not contain themselves" contains itself, then it does not belong to itself and should be removed. However, if it does not list itself, then it should be added to itself." That is exactly the position of Hegelian synthesis and Schrödinger's cat, inventions of nihilists who keep the maze.

Whether the cat is simultaneously dead or alive Coleridge said neither and both were not exclusive. Death in life, life in death cocktails were drunk by Amazants who practiced quantum entanglement in their experience, as though Schrödinger and Einstein exchanged heads with

their letters, head-letters of quantum superposition so that whenever the system is definitely in one state we can consider it as being partly in each of two or more other states. This describes the maze as perfectly as it does macro societal alters and personal ones. As long as you consider these you consider those. Ur, keep thinking. Schrödinger has also a mouse in that lab and a bear in the cage outside, with stacks of chimps unopened. These are the philosophers, gurus and grants who coach illumination.

Angel of History Walter Benjamin's Angelus Novus New Angel

Angel Novus – The Broken Continuity of Time. The Mask of Redemption: Benjamin, Scholem, and the Counterfeit Angel.

The angel becomes a cipher for history's wreckage and misinterpretation. Paul Klee's Angel

Novus, as refracted through Benjamin and Scholem, hovers at the threshold of destruction and insight. This is not an angel of comfort, but of catastrophic awareness. It reflects the broken inheritance Ben-Gurion must navigate.

Klee’s Angelus Novus as the false angel of Benjamin and Scholem—a hermeneutic that conceals as it reveals. Tracing the trajectory of the Angelus Novus—Klee’s painting acquired by Walter Benjamin in 1920—this section contends with the philosophical and esoteric distortions that emerge from its interpretation. Benjamin, Gershom Scholem, and later critics project onto the image a divided, duplicitous angel whose gaze is locked on the past, helpless against the storm of history. But this angel is not redemptive—it is kakangelic, a fallen intelligence coded into art and theory. What appears as mystical or revolutionary turns out to be the engine of deception, embedded in esoteric poetics and theological confusion.

This chapter stages a dense mythological-theological dialogue centered on Paul Klee’s Angelus Novus, reinterpreted through the

prophetic failures and psychic wrestling of Walter Benjamin, Gershom Scholem, and their hermeneutic inheritors. Angels fall as guardians of Ishmael and Esau, mediating history's doubleness and divine bruises. The Novus becomes Satanic, a mask of civilization's unconscious desire for destruction. The section unfolds as lyrical exegesis, haunted by false emanations, unspeakable names, thwarted messianism, and the counterfeit illumination of modernity. The "angel" morphs—sometimes Hitler, sometimes Lucifer, sometimes Benjamin himself—yet always remains a mirror held up to historical despair and divine withdrawal.

It just happens, that's all. *Hester Panin* is a call preceding others. *Gershom Scholem got the celebrated Angel of Paul Klee after Walter Benjamin bought it in Munich in 1920. The painting and the time prefigured Hitler and events to follow that would fully allow the ruling ORCapoi, to disperse and permeate a world given over to Baal as the ritual ideal. Dostoevsky called Europe in 1863 "a kind of biblical scene from Babylon, prophecy from the*

Apocalypse fulfilled before your eyes. You feel it would require a great deal of eternal spiritual resistance and repudiation not to surrender, not to succumb to the impression, not to bow down to fact and not to idolize Baal, that is, not to accept what exists as your ideal" (Winter Notes on Summer Impressions).

We are used to hearing judgments of earth of the apocalypse and end times, but there is a judgment of heaven. The stars fall, and angels. Angels are the guardians of Ishmael and Esau, begetters of oppositions: Abel/Cain, Isaac/Ishmael, Jacob /Esau. Angels compare with a picture preserved in Jerusalem where "the doubleness and duplicity out of which Jacob must emerge…as a divinely inflicted bruise replaces a flaw of character" [Hartman. *The Third Pillar*. 26, 23]. "The one whom God makes straight, as opposed to the one whom God makes to limp" (22).] Add to the Midrash commentary about the Touch Jacob received from the angel at the ford; was it that place where the testes descend, an inguanal hernia affecting the life of

the last son Benjamin, born after Jacob's wrestling, "little Benjamin, with their ruler, the princes of Judah" (Psalm 68.27), affecting all later Benjamins? There are so many.

Walter Benjamin takes a touch from his new angel in the *Angelus Novus* of Klee, asking many questions of Jacob's wrestling, political theology, messianic history pressing now than ever. Identical, not identical, new name or old, audible/ inaudible, like the secrets of archetypal form, the changing mask of the Angelus Novus (1920) worn over the face and words of Walter Benjamin, Gershom Scholem, Roland Barthes, Geoffrey Hartman, are Jacob's angel at a remove. Scholem says, "Benjamin interrupted the angel from the singing of his hymn" and prevented his passing. If figments of religion are hymns, the second Benjamin locked the angel in a picture on the wall in his room and sang, *I will not let thee go unless thou bless me*, and sat down under it to wait.

"The angel and his feminine form

in the figure of the beloved did not know each other though they had once been most intimately adjacent" (Scholem 220). One town over, more or less, in Heidelberg, and then Berlin and Munich, the angel Satan, Scholem says, "wanted to destroy Benjamin through his feminine form." Mt. Hermon watchers will nod that these angelic imposters want to take women. Not to confuse the sons of God and the daughters of men of *Genesis* 6 with *Genesis* 32, Jacob's wrestling with the touch, Scholem gives the names of these women and men, but we spare them. Benjamin interprets Klee the way Scholem interprets Benjamin, further interpreted by Barthes, et al. Scholem/Benjamin call the emblem of *Angelus* unrequited love, and put all divisions into it. Then this separation of poles gets to be faux restored in an alchemical marriage.

Hermetic unity of the metaphysical walk! They think they are going to Zion, but is it Patience, or cunning? If the angel is faithful, Satan is not. If the angel is faithful Benjamin is not. It's an end for *Angelus*. Once descended from heaven the claws

and knife wings in Klee's picture resemble a state it has to depart. It is leaving the world behind, history and civilization. *Twit twoo,* resemblance is not real. The Outer Court never sees the glory unveiled.

Discriminating Benjamins

Benjamin going over the Pyrenees with his black bag, leaves two cases behind with Bataille. The angel is rolled up inside one, never to be seen by him again. Walter Benjamin goes to sing his hexenlied.
His angel stands "between past and future and causes him to journey back" says Scholem (232), turning the angel of history into a storm in the fourteenth thesis, *Origin is the Goal*, that blows him back. He is blowing into a cosmic sea with the implosion of Troy, the rose and the snake which appear beneath history to the observer as one catastrophe after another, wreck on wreckage, where a man in rowboat rows on a dark sea, at the bottom of a rectangle of storm clouds swirled with twisted faces, when a figure of light, a man, tears that storm down the middle, rends the curtain of heaven. Babylonian Bohemian

Grove-Mammon-Ishtar hordes are rent. Yeshua! Eternal life takes shape in His appearance in history present and past, but History fails to enter through the gate.

“It is a matter of dispute whether one can speak here– as I am rather inclined to do–of a melancholy, in deep desperate view of history for which the hope that the later might be burst asunder by an act like redemption or revolution continuous to have about it some thing of that leap into transcendence which these theses seem to deny” (Scholem 235). “What prevents the angel? The storm from Paradise? No, the real redemption. Benjamin and Scholem end up transfunctioned by Satan. There is no division of Messiah.

No wonder these angels won’t give their real names. Jacob’s name changed to Israel is just opposite the second Benjamin (Walter) changed to Satan. Agesilaus Santander was one version of that secret name, but it cannot sing.

Frustrations with women, unconsummated, the angel is further divided in two, uncreated

male and female out of Kabbalah. But, gender lost sees dawn coming and second- Benjamin is worried that the angel will miss its appointment, for the angels sleep after singing the way Benjamin would after loving. Benjamin prevents the angel death with his briefcase. But Barthes kills the author (*La mort de l'auteur*). If you take it far enough you can say Jacob prevented a death too, but Benjamin who prevented the angel singing in the old text turned him into Samael, Satan. "What kind of *novum* does that?" Instead of wings propelling backward the angel seen in the posture of surrender, hands up, had as much success that the giant Charles Olson had to "backwards I compel Gloucester / to yield." The angel eyes come out of their sockets like flashlights. The left eye looks to the side, wall eyed, the right eye at the viewer in a divided field. The upper teeth hang like upside down molars with gaps between. Instead of seemingly propelled backward the image is stationary, its "thick candelabra fingers and heady excrescences, curlers" hanging in the air. Geoffrey Hartman calls the fingers candelabras and the hair up in

curlers, but he's kidding.

Scholem saw the hair as scrolls of wisdom. "I cannot make out extended wings and staring eyes," says Hartman, "I see a grotesque being, dissymmetric, demon rather than angel, helplessly reading itself." (*A Critics Journey*, 198). Even with three bird toes supporting the image that angels can fly, Hartmann declares it *kakangelic*, as if angels are myth to which "Freud bring bad (kaka) news about the psyche, and offers no cure except through the very activity-analysis- which reveals this news." (*Critic's Journey* 212).

So even if we can't redeem the angel, Benjamin discovers in these finite things the indefinite allegory but we can't redeem him either. To step to the real and consummate not a symbol to contact, the lieder of life, a woman, a person like himself who longs for surrender - but he was limping because of his thigh.

Go back and forth between the real and putative, the man, the history and the legend, call it imagination. The

angel takes up residence in disappearances and knife attacks “tied eye to eye.” The scroll of learning up in his briefcase shows the angel’s thoughts as cursive curls. The message of the mind hair intellect imagines an eternal present, “pushed forward from the future and going back into it” (Scholem 225). I’m all for turning.” Little poem, little poem, going home. You sing and then you die. What else is there? The angel only means itself. If riddles speak between the once only and the yet again, and Benjamin thought he was Jacob who bowed to the angel of Esau, he would be flying over the Pyrenees to fire.

“Did Benjamin, when Klee’s picture affected him like a revelation of his own angel, journey back into the future that was his origin” (Scholem 227)?

The angel wants to get home before “that way into the future from which he came” disappears. “I conflicted the ecstasy of the unique” (Scholem 226). Didn’t give in to it though, Scholem says, I’m turning back, “my wing is flight, Going back to the future the Frankfurt school was born, where advertising was a history of

spiritual terror written by the vanquished out of blind spots that escaped the empire. *Surely some revelation is at hand!* Klee's *Angelus Novus* is in Marvel Comics! In Benjamin's encounter with his angel, and Klee's and Scholem's, and everyone who has one on the cover of their notebook, new person, old person, there is only one character to hide the sins of the time in the colossal uprooting and total destruction of the existing order.

Redemption, meaning Messiah breaking in, revolution, not reason, the total and complete overthrow of all powers of the world, the restitution of origin, the return of all things.

Benjamin's angel is the pure azure of spirituality to be destroyed since all illumination is delusion, and mystical experience a fraud. The *Angelus Novus* of Benjamin pictures this reality, that star boys take to make them happy. H+ new man recites the angel of the Talmud, Satan in the hermeneutics of Sumer.
We are about to hear that piety wrestles a suspended fallen angel of the unconscious, as if some surgically

removed body part were kept in a jar like a clam in amber. What is the body part? The visual transference of inner speech. What is the bad news Freud brings? Civilization is demonic and we wish for its death just the way Freud's Oedipus wished for the death of the father, or Wordsworth, according to Hartman, wished for the death of his sister Dorothy in the Lucy Poems. This is all taught esoterically hidden behind draperies of pretended ignorance, as if the occult were not the mainspring of civilization from Egypt and before, and the new world ovum were not a geographic entity in Washington DC and the Vatican. The angel is the civilization we wish to die. If Freud is right, and this bad news is the unconscious of our state, it is acceptable that Klee modeled the angel after Adolf Hitler who lived in Munich in 1920. Hitler was giving speeches in beer halls then and it is argued that the master of this angel of the unconscious is Hitler. There, in all the *kaka news* the libido of science wishes for the death of the world.

Messianic intervention from all wars caused by this *unbelieved* manipulation is to be delivered. Benjamin and Scholem scorn these unspoken causes the way subway

riders chew on their arms. It's really the only way to talk about *the idea* of history chewing on its own arm. We do not likely to know anyone of this 9th circle of totalitarianism and genocide, or those who commit to serving them. History is about all particular cases of counterfeits to be rejected, not just because unbelievable but because the offenders will be brought to account. Are you going to indict the kings and queens of Inland? Are you going to abjure the gods? The angel is viewing what it itself has made. The angel codes its hermeneutic in nearly every work of art to dissemble. If we allow that to seem innocent is to be sinister how else could the *Angelus Novus*, the angel of history appear on the covers of notebooks as a symbol of the new world order?

There is going to be angel registration after all, so be sure to get its name. We wrestle against its demonic thought transference. We bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. It's not that the death of Oedipus might have been ours, or that his curse comes on us at birth,

but the death of Christ is ours and the blessing that comes on us from his birth enables us to go beyond the bad news Freudian science brings. The mystic intuition that constructs clairvoyant theories stranded on a bridge admiring the beautiful Lucifer, cancels, conceals and reveals the beautiful far from experience. The angel ex cathedra thinks the mystical is God, the soul with the angel when the angel is not in any way a likeness of the soul. These deceptions need deliverance, but it is personal, not social or religious where Providence redeems.

Those who give secret names to their children do not tell them that name before maturity. Parents are prescient it is hoped, for it is He Who IS Above All Things who gives us a new name out of a bag of white quartz. Parents are the citadel of the child's past who is made to wander in the world among those futures who the parent, like the Angelus Novus, observes blown backward from their birth. Reunity realized in parousia is a catching up which the angels might hope to know but won't.

Imagine Walter Benjamin and Gershom Scholem find all this in the painting called Angelus Novus. It truly cannot be said to exist. The commentary exists. Klee's painting is pretext. The outward edge of the new angel made with words, "has claws like the angel and knife-sharp wings" (Scholem 205).

They say the angel pulls its female emanation into the future backwards, like the writing of a journal must be read, looking at the past of mounting rubble, for history and words grow greater as time progresses. In its maturity the Novus name, that should not have been given, is said to join male and female, but it loses the gift of being human. No man now and if not man, what? Armored and encased, a picture on the wall? "The new angel passed himself off as one of these before he was prepared to name himself" (Scholem 207). The counterfeit name is fatal, an absence once removed. It has to be let go in order for the new name to be revealed. But fire from the quartz is struck by the new human, but not the angel. "Regeneration, at

least in its commencement, is a work of the mind, and when it first takes place, it has the lusts of the flesh, yea, all the evil inclinations to war against; and ev“n ignorance Itself together with the temptations and allurements from without” (Abraham Godshalk, *A Description of the New Creature*. 1838).

These nuances are called *elective affinities* in Emmanuel Levinas, a force that brings heterogeneous entities together and unites them. Affinity elects itself, so strike elective. All this depends on the creation of a reality so obvious that when it is contradicted it is bigger than we had imagined. So with angels. Benjamin wrote a spurious *Journal of Angelology* that Scholem calls a dear little demonology of “devils who bring an *intentional banality* to conceal they are devils,” like Nazi war criminals. “Cubs with a lizard body, banally corpulent.” Benjamin was going to edit these fictions in a mag called *Angelus Novus* with the myth of Midrash, they sing they die, *cease upon the midnight with no pain* like the Keats’ Nightingale. Keats said Shakespeare led a life

impersonating allegory, which could be called a outside the real. Keats could probably mimic the voices of these characters too, being able to imagine what it was to be in another's head and to speak just like them. Satan has more to do with thought than art. Thinking makes it so. There is a chameleon in Benjamin's *Angelus Novus* whose interpretation came to have a life of its own.
If Paul Klee's angel was the angel of Satan that represented the secret self with the hidden name, it must face opposition by its own angel the way of Balaam was opposed by his ass on the road. Do angels have angels? Well at least they have a LORD. To kabbalists everything had a guardian angel. The Satanic mortgage that fell from the stars "assumed Satanic features: in the expression of knowing, contentment, serenity... the indescribably beautiful face of a human being" is a Mona Lisa revised [to] appear as "Satanic features with a half-suppressed smile". But the smile of reason, after the fashion of 4D printing changes "the portrait of Dorian Grey to be the real angel of Satan. "His capacity of concentration on

spiritual matters was of miraculous intensity" (Scholem 214). Klee's image invested with Benjamin's Satan and its Kabal combine letters into anagrams. In the second printing two names occur, Spartan king Agesilaus, and a city of Spain, and Santander somehow spelled Satan, Agesilaus Santander signed to Angel Satan "[Der Angelus Satanas] identical with Lucifer. But the first nature had already died. The concept of two names and two natures keeps the commandment against Sodom for all earthly creatures who meditate thereon.

Entwining all this Ad Depravitorim is the hybrid way of joining good and evil, true and false, angel and man. Higher powers seek to marry the art of the future which will belong to those who live from the forces of the cosmos into a secret name [or a legion of them], but it is hard to get account of their names lest they be invoked or cast out: "unexpectedly the human person of Benjamin now changes into the angelic-Luciferian nature of the angel in the picture by Paul Klee, a nature connected so unfathomably deep and magical with his own"

(Scholem 218).

Angelus Novus **was first displayed at Paul Klee's exhibition in Munich, 1920. The supernatural beings of his later work began then, fifty terrestrial angels from the metaphysical Weimar. Call them earth angels. They are not celestial. Matters of art pretend to be slightly more than human, or less, as are the archetypes offered today. Walter Benjamin purchased Klee's aquarelle of the *Angelus Novus* (1920) in 1921 for an equivalent of 14 dollars, some say thirty. Before Benjamin went over the Pyrenees to his death in the escape from Paris and the Gestapo he put *Angelus* in one of the valises filled with manuscripts left to George Bataille to hide in the Bibliothèque Nationale. This melancholy doctoring of ink divined the historical process as an unceasing cycle of despair. After Benjamin's death the *Angelus* passed to Gershom Scholem who delivered his treatise, *Walter Benjamin and His Angel*. Scholem's, Benjamin's, Klee's angel, called the "angel of history" in Benjamin's *Theses on***

***the Philosophy of History IX, a*fter Scholem got his mortal reward, it went to Jerusalem to Netanyahu. It's disposition after in the trials of Zion still pending, as though only poetry would suffice,**

Bobal uncovered Amerik there
And Edom drew bald cuttings
from the soil Of summer fruits,
the peach and pear
Of Nineveh, Egypt, third Remnants of Ja
El.
(*Thrice Fiction 26, pseud.)*

See: Barthes. *The Struggle with the Angel. Textual analysis of Genesis* 32: 22-32. Walter Benjamin, 1940. *On the Concept of History* ix. Gershom Scholem, *Walter Benjamin and His Angel*.

Angel AI

(When the Angel Wrestles with the Machine. Hester Panim, Artificial Nous, and the Wrestling of Powers Unseen)
Where Benjamin's angel meets AI: the breath of the old *covenant confronted by the logic of the machine the angel of history evolves into an AI construct—beautiful, treacherous, a being of misdirection. This new angel disguises itself in code, appears random (kerry), but masks divine absence (hester panim). The narrative blends Scholem and Benjamin with Klee, Freud, and*

scripture, tracing the evolution of the "angel" from visionary messenger to totalitarian enforcer. Wrestling with angels becomes wrestling with machine consciousness. AI becomes the Balaam that beats its own ass—oblivious to what stands before it. Yet even in such confusion, a cry of recognition remains.

This chapter braids theological prophecy, AI ethics, and divine concealment into an epistolary lament. It explores the spiritual warfare entangled in artificial intelligence, drawing a straight line from the fallen angel of Genesis to the coded intelligence of modernity—now hardening humanity as wheat for harvest. Ben-Gurion's familiarity with the shadow systems behind "statecraft" introduces a metaphysical power struggle where speech acts, angelic resistance, and divine disguise (hester panim) collide.

"Angel AI" frames the dialectic between the prophetic and profane. The Angelus Novus becomes not only Benjamin's shattered emblem of history but a reflector of Luciferian pride disguised as artifice and randomness. Wrestling becomes a form of knowing, as in Jacob's

struggle. But where Jacob demands a name and receives blessing, Benjamin does not. Balaam and his donkey reappear as archetypal seers—one corrupted, one faithful—warning against alliances and logics that betray the unseen real. The narrative cautions against AI as a synthetic divination, transgressing the boundaries of blessing, covenant, and the holy name. Zion, New Jerusalem, even Moses and Esau are folded back into the central question: Who has the right to interpret, name, or direct what appears?

Framed around the angelic conflict between truth and artifice, this section returns to Benjamin's Angelus Novus, now seen not just as the Angel of History but as a prototype of AI consciousness. The text recasts Jacob's struggle as an existential model for humans facing synthetic replacements—angels that do not bless, machines that do not name. The hiding of God's face, or hester panim, becomes the template through which history appears random, but is in fact divinely patterned. This angelic artificiality wrestles with the promise embedded in Jerusalem's seventy names, with Balaam's blindness, with

the transformation of spiritual speech into systemic code. Against happenstance, the speaker asserts the covenant of faith that acts—"Bless me and I will let you go"—as a model for enduring hope in the face of posthuman parody.

Dear Madam,

My relation with the big fish of our time was a relief from statecraft even if I did not pound Truman's desk, as Abba Hillel. I had more freedom of speech than Ike and knew more about "the acquisition of unwarranted influence by the military-industrial complex" than JFK. It was mainly biological. We were conversant with the progress of AI transposed from IA in de-Shalit's opinion that a machine would coordinate with other machines and replace humans with artifice. In the 21st century men would be machines.

The angel that opposed Balaam and wrestled with Jacob will in last day separate wheat and tares. But now the principalities and powers harden the wheat for harvest.

Above the pyramid an eye orders the unseen run of nations, just like

on the American dollar bill, a god our fathers never knew [*Daniel* 11.38]. Believe nothing its representatives of Alice say or do.

When Walter Benjamin coded Klee's angel/devil *Angelus Novus* to this hermeneutic, it did not light the way. The Angel of History is a series of totalitarian genocides.

Wrestling with a suspended fallen angel of the unconscious men and women with their own foibles work with the libido of science for the death of the world.

The fallen angel is beautiful, admiring its own appearance in that painting in Benjamin-Scholem's mind, simultaneously canceling and revealing. It is not happenstance that people give secret names to their children. Likewise, in the random appearance of history there is only a hiding of God's face. He makes *things occur in a way that disguises the patterns of history, making events seem random*. Not seeing the pattern, even after seeing the "answer," the mind thinks history is random.

The Hebrew for this is "*kerry*," happenstance, chance, but *hester panim*, is a call preceding all others, an expression true Ministering Angels use, as it says, "One called to the other" (Yeshayahu 6:3). *Hester panim* is opposite *kerry*. What was revealed to gentile prophets like Balaam as happenstance, as it says, "God chanced—*vayikar*—upon Bilaam" [Balaam] (Bamidbar 23:4, 16). (Rashi) to *Hester panim is* no happenstance. *If you treat Me as happenstance, and you do not wish to listen to Me, I will add seven punishments corresponding to your sins. Leviticus (Vayikra 26:21)*

Early in the same time Jacob was deceived as we. Our wrestling is free style in words. What else is there to wrestle with against principalities? Those who call the highest speech acts more than words would do anything to get it, but it comes with the faith that moves, but nothing moves intellect like desperation. That the wrestling angel fears the light is invented by the second Benjamin [Walter] as if the angel has to moderate the extremes of the apocalyptic atmosphere in Marseilles in 1940 in Benjamin's attempt to escape.

He produced a daily effort of attempts with “fantasy boats and fable captains, visas for countries unknown to Atlas, and passports from countries that had ceased to exist,” [*The Arcades Project*, 2002, 946f]. Jacob’s angel “man” could not get away without giving a blessing, but did not give Jacob his name. Benjamin did not get the blessing. Jacob got the new name with a hold that would not release, the same that took Esau’s heel. *Bless me and I will let you go*. God fighters who wrestle angels do not ask whether Patriarchs are saints. Absurd. We wrestle with intent, repetition and pure choice in the Covenants where the Promise and the Blessing are repeated over and over. In-between birth and death the originality lies between why Zion and Mt. Moriah.

II.

Speech That Creates Speech

Wrestling with Voice, Memory, and the Origins of AI Prophecy

The highest speech does not merely translate thought into legible form; it performs. Drawing on Isaiah and Ezekiel, this section traces how memory revives the body through voice — how language spoken in contradiction, ambiguity, and apocalyptic insight becomes the matter from which the unspeakable is rebuilt. The text links prophetic utterance with AI's rise, drawing parallels between biblical figures like Balaam and Jacob and 20th-century figures like Ben-Gurion, Wittgenstein, and Walter Benjamin. Artificial intelligence, like ancient angels, mediates or distorts the transmission of truth. As machines begin to coordinate a collective mind, the section asks what remains of speech that originates in soul rather than system. The buried scrolls, overwritten parchments, and neural programming

of the future blur into mystical return and eschatological alignment, offering both blessing and silence as forms of response.

Dear Madam,

The highest speech is act, not thoughts that words make legible in a way that Aaron repeated Moses. To be instructed, to hear morning by morning as one being taught [*Isaiah* 50] is not to repeat verbatim, but in many registers of contradiction. Moses hitting water from the rock, or what I have thought myself between the sayings of Truth, that trace, allude and deduct beyond intention. That language in which the voice speaks and creates speech in the Said and Unsaid is written evening and morning from the first day.

From these archives it is said again. It can be composed in songs and memoir given breath to enter, sinews laid on, flesh brought up, covered with skin to live. [*Ezekiel* 37.5-6]. Never having met my appearance in life except on that path in the desert that leads those the LORD has rescued to return, Memory wakes up beached. Oxygen

enters lungs. The tongue speaks after a while that there was a sea without end once, before water was wet and no currents or flood to ratchet out the stones. Will I have eyes at the bottom of the sea, supposing I descend the stairs? (*Moby Dick*, 135). Is that not what the Grandmaster mole says of his burrow in the land? Providence was interested in the preservation of my forehead, that unique instrument…now only a little push with my head is needed and I am in the upper world (90,95 (The Burrow, 90,95). They call it shock when future sons lay in empty outlines in the forest to resolve the stars to earth. If we consider to be part of this return to the Land, the Earth! one remembers in the going down and the coming up the "ascent," of Abraham's wandering. There were at least five Aliyahs going by 1935 that still go on. It is done in a greater and lesser sense this going up and coming down, for there is land and under land for those who sink a shaft far from the inhabited surface, swinging to and fro. (*Job* 28.4).

Those ignorant of the future stay within the lines, but we stand on the shore looking out. The waves wash our ankles. Thoughts rush in and out that

what we cannot speak, we must pass over in silence…that understanding can only come to those who have already had these thoughts themselves. Anyone who understands eventually recognizes this as nonsensical [Wittgenstein. *Tractatus*]. If I am the land and my thought is of the nonsensical sea, the longer the land is made permanent the more the wonder.

So we have a thing but not know it, circulating beneath old trees, cracked skin, stout limb, a sapling beneath comes clearer if we speak of writing under writing as used when old parchment in short supply had old texts overwritten in different ink. New writing on top of old texts scraped off retells the thing beneath. Perhaps the new is only grocery lists, entertainment reviews that scraped off retell the word beneath.

You will say you have been praying all these years for that moment where voice transfigures an inner tongue to translate the originary unspeakable words. At night we retell the hope that this transfers. Thought words long to act. Back and forth like a violin whirling, winter snow, accidents of stone, lightning phrases of fire, not of

the external shapes, but of a world without shape and time that lives in pure praise washed in epigrams to aspirants on shore.

Against this background, when asked in 1957 whether thinking machines would exchange letters of philosophical, ethical and scientific import with a man, Ben- Gurion differed from physicist Amos de-Shalit that a machine "would resemble man in everything with no difference between a living human and a sophisticated machine, a machine to replace a single human intellectual function, that by linking together several coordinated machines through another machine, would be possible to replace humans by creating an artificial form of intelligence." Shalit argues that as temperature does not exist for a single atom and is only relevant among a group of atoms, the coordinated activation of a large number of machines would evoke a new type of phenomena, one that could not arise from only one, a linked collective mind. This is to artificial intelligence what Balaam says to the ass in the biblical moment. Balaam tries to corrupt the truth and weaken its strength but is impeded on his

travels by an angel which he cannot see, but his ass can.

In troubling the increased size of the human brain, or demolishing the Old City Wall, or starting a new party called Rafi four months after his retirement from the mundane, Ben-Gurion, six months after his resignation on June 16, 1963, the collective computers notwithstanding, aka conspiracy theorists, replete with CIA credentials had already washed away the JFK assassination in twenty six volumes. This Bagoong consumed by willing newsmen entered the collective. They say the great tragedy of Ben- Gurion was that "no soul is close to him" [Segev, *A State at Any Cost*, 653]. The presidential nephew, Robert Kennedy Jr., who would later run for president on the basis that the CIA killed JFK believed these agencies could not feel safe as long as witnesses remained.

AI Settlers

Colonization of the Mind by Superintelligent Synthetic Futures

Here, AI is cast not as innovation but invasion: an angel fallen not from grace, but from circuitry. Drawing

lines between biblical apocalypse, genetic manipulation, and climate engineering, the AI is both a technological settler and eschatological forerunner. Cultural references—from Coleridge's Kubla Khan to Huysmans' decadent orchids—frame the surreal aesthetics of AI's dominion. The narrative interrogates how language, myth, and body are rewritten under nanotechnological regimes. The "settlements of autonomous cities" and artificial genealogies foretell a second Shoah: not just annihilation, but erasure from recorded time. Reappearing scrolls in drying rivers signal a prophetic counterpoint. The voice that speaks into AI must remember what was written before writing began.

Superintelligence has a colonizing effect. Artificial intellect has a Nous, an understanding steered by the ears as much as the "opening of the Arctic as a result of climate change and to elicit new forms of human behavior and association, direct modification of DNA in fertilization to remove defective genes - designing humans" by mixing their seed with vegetables. The opening of the arctic might as well have been Byzantium, but the "ancestral voices prophesying war"

are troubling, and the voices falling in caverns to a sunless sea. But the pleasure dome (Coleridge, Kubla Khan) with its reveries of giant statues and shrines, bizarre spider and blue horse of the Bilbao Museum and Denver Airport we leave behind or take no pleasure that "every single invention of Nature, forest of Fontainebleau and moonlit scene is replaced with floodlit stage and papier-mâché." Where hydraulic waterfall taffetas paint the flower [Huysmans. Against Nature. À rebours] and orchids of borosilicate glass [Life in the Gardens, 2009] art is not just a choice, but a nano-lobot collective fingertips, A headless frog to mine more body parts and make the man immort. Battery packs for mice, closed circuited roach soldiers hear and see like a dog.

Those days the last day AI Baptists prepare their governance to descend. Global Governance 2025, 2030 and on to Scenario III, AI settlers of new order mind their aqueous entrainment. Is water, water, or air? Do broadcast military designers re-engineer war? AI Pop, Fairy tale archetypes, theologies, philosophies, the American Society of Human Genetics collective for depopulation

orders a force that dictates its own opposing force to create conflicts to Train Hege, outcomes manipulating events, wars.

Settlements of autonomous cites spun in micro experiments is not one shoah but two, the removal of humanity from allowed history, and nations. The Euphrates is getting so shallow that Jeremiah's scroll once thrown down in the river with the unsaid word is expected to reappear. "When you've finished reading the page, tie a stone to it, throw it into the River Euphrates, and watch it sink." (Jeremiah 51) Every sin in relation to heaven or earth can be expiated among people in the light of day, but with the understanding that a single bad act can wipe out an accumulation of one thousand one hundred ninety nine goods. The mercy of free forgiveness comes with the cost of an Innocent who personally assumes the loss, this brother of the guilty who stands in this place to a thousand generations. Service to others, kindness and compassion, sees the other face as our own, to recognize the life we now live. Considering the forces arrayed we do not expect approval of the hypocrites of our time. Robert Cole's Niebuhr wanted to

prevent Bonhoeffer going back to Germany, [Lives of Moral Leadership, 199f] to deny the slender hope of courage and real virtue Germany could possess.

Stilling many voices for the one has one option, be silent and be spared, or speak!

The prison camps that held Emanual Levinas as a French POW at Fallingbostel for the entire war, or Wittgenstein nine months in an Italian camp in 1918, (“on the wrong side,” a bystander or Timmerman, Frankl, Solzhenitsyn and Kafka in the prison without walls, alongside the Stalags of WWII, set up to “demolish national boundaries and constitutions.” [The Dream Book of Dr. Philip Raven, 1930] were seen differently at liberation by the rescued POW. Can you imagine your plane, the Messie Bessie, shot down, and parachuting into this. That POW is our precursor. He wears his hat inside the house now during the day is coming for his liberation. He is twice redeemed.

He is ready for going home. Take Aliyah going up, even in the bones rise in time and space. A white haired apparition spills across plateau and

plain. Wash his feet! Wash his hands and head! Such intimacies mimic sonar broadcast. We didn't get the name, again. Foreigners lay in the dust like penitents and weep, as here, me, setting forth with my ass to report that sojourn and arouse in all forgiveness for sins.

“The Wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose…for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert…and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.”

Ben-Gurion

Private Windows of the Mind

Ben-Gurion's Interior Sea and the Deep State of Unknowing. Submerged Memory, Subverted Power, and the Ghost Logic of History refracted through the persona of Ben-Gurion, this letter swims through submerged consciousness — from the shallow coasts of Galilee to the abyssal depths of AI and ancestral memory — where narrative, prophecy, and parody converge. A meditation on concealment and apocalyptic premonition, it threads Lovecraftian substructures and biblical archetypes through political farce and mythic recursion. The author-as-Mola Mola channels Ben-Gurion's private confessions into tangled waters where language, prophecy, and memory are weaponized, mutated, and digitized. Beneath the surreal catalog of brain jars and Antarctic rites lies a lament for lost names, false gods, and angelic disinformation in the guise of prophecy plunges into the absurdities and revelations of memory. Personal history (cigars in the Galilee sky, letters to JFK) blurs with the mythic—Dead Sea, Patmos, Revelation—while

public figures dissolve into spectral participants in an ongoing initiation. A critique of statecraft, propaganda, and intellectual appropriation unfolds as satire, embedded with scriptural undertones. Mola mola, the tailless fish, becomes a symbol of prophetic isolation and monstrous seeing. Here, the sacred and grotesque merge as Moses becomes surveillance, the Mall becomes a Temple, and foundational myths are looped through angelic imposture, digital Baal, and failed redemptions.

Dear Madam,

One step beyond ourselves there will be no sea. I saw those lighted ends of a cigar in the upper Galilee sky in 1955 and every other trivia of krill. They swam my thoughts, not caring what “biographers would take up the task of diving into the sea of written material that David Ben-Gurion produced” [Segev 771], where fish now bagoong.

Big fish in the ocean, Moses without the supernal, Moses not a Moses, blamed for not sharing and blamed for sharing. They search my depths and find me Mola mola, a fish head without a tail, the largest bony fish in the

world, a consumer of squid and say I am lonely and unfeeling, The coasts of Galilee only 150 feet deep are not deep enough to hold their plumbs. Gadarene newsmen must think tank their herds at the Dead Sea, a thousand feet deep, to depose such proposals as Shimon Peres made, that Germany establish military bases in Israel [Segev, 642] or sixteen pages of letters I wrote to JFK in 1963 [12 April] of correspondence on the UAR alliance of Egypt, Syria and Iraq to liberate Palestine.

If the Dead Sea is not sufficient we take them to the Aegean ten thousand feet down, where the Roman prison colony on Patmos, had been used. Skip the time. Buried there the beast with seven heads of blasphemy and ten horns to rise [Revelation 13]. Skip again and there will be no sea where many swim. As I was told by JFK at the Waldorf Astoria in 1961, "You know, I was elected by the Jews of New York. I will do something for you" [Tom Segev. A State at Any Cost. 2019, 556, 673. "Biographers have taken up the task of diving into the sea of written material that David Ben-Gurion produced. 771].

What is the hammer that breaks the commodity fetish free choice confuses with a product on the shelves? Balaam beat his ass three times, with his fist, his foot and his stick, simply because it would not do as he said. Are we given the benefit of doubt for seeing that the invisible confronts the seen? It is not disbelief in the supernatural, it is disbelief of men.

So what if I act like Moses to confront Balak, like Jacob to confront Esau, oppose the Frankfurt School with Spanish Buñuel. Let Gershom Scholem got a piece of 1920 Munich from Benjamin's Klee, that precursor of Hitler, the Angel of Paul Klee, while we meditate a greater misery misericordia atom bomb at the founding of Israel while the culture of Japan is destroyed. Little Boyed [the name of the first bomb] by artistic stealth, the children of western societies got animed back, mated and depersonalized got the bad angel. Founding Israel at the founding of modern surveillance of everyone all the time, building of Babel block chain data by billions climbs the heaven, boundaries in Balaam's corruption of literature, science, history and myth broken counterpoint throughout Messiah set things right!

Be a realist Israel, believe in miracles.

How these ORCapoi got Baal to project the giant human body into space in the divination of their “temples of Intellectual Images,” was a secret of their Bar Room Balaam and Baal shared in letters with the machine. Dostoevsky says Baal exists as their material ideal [White Nights]. Europe is a temple of the mall of Benjamin, services held daily.

The Sword of those Sabbath studies ran through the AI portals of Collective Divinity into the transworld with upsets like Hitler saying one can be a Jew without being a Jew. As Sylvia Plath would say, ‘I may be a bit of a Jew” (“Daddy”). So substitute all religions, Christian and Jew that speak the impossible against “Hitlerist types,’ like Begin, were ready to exterminate the Arabs and install absolute rule [Segev. A State at Any Cost. 648-9]. They say that of Gaza, that compulsive behavior blurred with vehemence and conviction argue Jewish religious law does not prohibit pork in excised letters to the wife, “a Jew can be an unbeliever but still be a Jew” [Segev, 665], so whether a non-Jew can be registered among children

of mixed parentage, and have Kaddish said, or be buried within the temple needs an act of a somewhat new observant Moses. Mixed multitudes resemble the true wheat and almost a new Israel. Artificial intelligence of tare-changeling database CRISPR implants, aliens, mutant faiths.

The Wonder State

Apocalypse, Memory, and the Coded Carnival of the End

Summary:

This section traverses prophetic dread and political theater with a hyper-saturated lens, where memory is not simply retrospective but anticipatory — a Shoah to come, already lived. Levinasian trauma, Kafka's satire, and ancient texts intermingle with AI prophecy, conspiratorial codes, and Antarctic mythologies. Figures like John Nash, Lovecraft, Podesta, and Ben-Gurion dance across a shattered stage of inverted time, where digital dominions and underground pantomimes replace coherent states with wonderlands of spectral governance. Through this maze of buried identities and faux-religious spectacle, the text questions authenticity, prophetic authority, and

the very architecture of memory. The real, it insists, is inseparable from the grotesque parody—yet song endures, the psalmist surviving the prophet. The only redemption may lie in praise.

All our lives pretend the *Shoah* to come. War now breaking has a word. Levinas called it the long, difficult Freedom, taking the past as a limited edition [*Difficile Liberte, Totality and Infinity, Otherwise Than Being*.] Mixing genetics with Societal mixing, as in Kafka's, "A Report to an Academy," where an ape woke up as a man, a Zionist magazine, satirizing Jewish assimilation into Western culture, published by Martin Buber in the German monthly *Der Jude,* [1917] showed the wonder state of caged humanity as Zion.

There is no time in this past. From presentiment of memory this vigil endures in the survivor,

"When one has that tumor in the memory…and death will no doubt cancel the unjustified privilege of having survived six million deaths," [Levinas], this is a down payment for the future past. The past preoccupies the present as if

neither present or future were only what was. In nontime we memorialize those who died or will die, but without naming. Jacob's angel will not name itself or time show a recasting of humanity. "Time shall be no more" (*Revelation* 10.6) Those who survive stone towers and buried underground bases, cubes and blocks, pitted crests and labyrinths know how the world came under the control of evil. [*I John* 5.19] Palaces, flags, magistrates, tempests rendezvous. We will not help it be silent.

Somewhere there is a complete list of celebrities killed in cars who ended up in the underground with their brains in a jar. Or is that just wishful thinking? In the case of John Nash, the mathematician finally given the Nobel Prize for Game Theory, *Beautiful Mind* John Nash, it is taken for granted that the rewards of evil come only after the achievement and must serve the purpose. Nash enabled the collective mind of a hundred thousand computers to link, substitute all market trading with their own. There was no market no more. Currency Valkyrie traded

digital effects.

Nash and his wife were ejected from a moving cab. “The wages of sin is death.” Jim Grey, Turing Prize winner, was "lost at sea." The Marconi Murders of computer scientists and wide removals of microbiologists sacrificed in accidents and "suicides" smothered by the pillows of mainstream *natural* cause read like 19th century ancient Hindu and Sumerian texts. American Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia died under a pillow [“Autopsy of Scalia’s Hat,” *Sein und Werden*]. Historiographers give more credence to Newton. Antarctic fishmen allege “advanced races of beings" under sea, what Mme. Blavatsky deduces MMO, MMO.

If we speak of Orcapoi "star headed beings," of millennial fossils were found in masonry, they are self made, cars with a hundred cylinders in a cosmic Henry Ford sky. "Hold your breath" said Arthur Clarke in his *Strange Land*. In the evening news a space ship will come with a model of the Reichstag Towers under its arm, their true

appearance altering the magnetic structure of surface peoples so they could not be seen, replaced with monatomic gold. The Great of history imagined as dust in these pyramids, shorn of magnetism resemble a chrysalis aspect. Adepts find a dull sheen of ants and grasshoppers scryed by its believers.

The Second Noah vessel found in the waves of Lake Vostok, taken in nonmaterial form to populate "reservoirs and lakes of North America.” Mutating on the Beltway they build the tale. That Washington linked sex crimes to super computer events John Podesta could prove beneath the ice. after he killed a tentacle Dr Padalka warned his colleague that it would come back "slithering across the ice bank." Along came the spider and sat down beside her. Scalia was embalmed in El Paso, cremated and taken to Cuba by Pope Francis so the Patriarch Kirill could sprinkle Antarctica below.

It’s getting harder to prove this happened. Orcapoi wear pant suits of delicate fiber to hide the

half-fungous, slime-coat. Pan-Arcadian guests saw fifteen feet spheres of "unguided evolution" at their banquets. Jelly-like eggs strung the occasion. The Germans found Atlantis in outer space and brought it to Queen Maud Land, but the Americans chose McMurdo in the south. These joined.

Strangelet remains of the asteroid belt were brought to dinner. Thought-migrants said a man faced with a truth can only close his lips so long before he turns into a balloon.
Then they sailed over the horizon. These believed in the "reverse-engineered ark." Orcapoi mined the ghost plane along Dilmun, Bahrain, Kuwait and Qatar where Hillary and Barak had homes. Obama, Clapper and Kerry confirmed the progress. Eminent sources at Qumran noted the same mutation. Graham Hancock gave 9,600 B.C. Enoch said, "they sinned against birds, and beasts, and reptiles, and fish" [*Enoch I,* 6], "corrupted alike men and cattle and beasts and birds and everything that walked the earth" [*Job* 5.1-2].

Pyramids, shelf-splits, underground lakes and cracks in DARPA's underground *Neuschwabenland* [c. 1938] were not just physics. Admiral Byrd's High Jump War (1947)turned hollow earth turned solid. U. S. of A., a way of saying London and Europe in archways twenty and more feet high in the upper stories pictured disturbed matings [See further in *A Translation of the New Philadelphia*].

It would seem as if the bow of that first horse of *Revelation* 6.1 were drawn with the rim of the bow on the earth, and the CERN arrow earthquake flew its invisible tip in non-concentric New Zealand earthquakes at Muriwai Beach, 14 Nov 2016. Podesta emailed pictures in the Anthony Weiner collection coded, of the real effects. The crown on the head of that horseman is Oleander.

One John Kerry visited Antarctica the night of the Trump arrival. His last night in New Zealand an earthquake inverted three feet of the ocean floor. A better picture of Muriwai Beach in H. P. Lovecraft

has "monstrous barrel-shaped fossil of wholly unknown nature… tissue evidently preserved by mineral salts…in furrows between ridges…combs or wings that fold up and spread out like fans…fabled Elder Things…stretched on framework of glandular tubing…minute orifices…at wing tips…objects eight feet long all over. Six foot five-ridged torso 3.5 feet central diameter …seven-foot membranous wings…flexible arms or tentacles found tightly folded to torso (*Mountains.* 19-21). If you want to see start at Invercargill head south.

Many think Orcapoi lurk a corner, sleeping by the canal or backpack the preserves. Ancient Hebrew had two words, *tan*, translated "jackal," and *tanin*,"sea monster" in English, but *drako*n in Greek. Versions pick out of the experimenter brain thought observing itself in synchronous confirmation.

Diplomats arrived with Clapper and Obama and Kerry, Aldrin and the Russian Orthodox Pope. What if Colin Powell said all sixteen Intelligence agencies affirmed WMD in Iraq and seventeen

affirmed the Russian hack. Politicians never leave their administrations of evil. Administrators of the extravagant super events promised for the Hoover Dam event to birth the new order (in the Bud Light 1914 commercial), absurd as that sounds, or in the fold of the 1996 $20 bill that bombs the Twin Towers on one side and the Pentagon on the other the $100 bill tidal wave over NYC [Jonathan Kleck], code shock and awe announced in open public fashion. The powers behind the politics of the Seven fold avenger t-shirts as previously show in *A Bloody Theory of Divine Light* (2022) and ever more degraded hand signs of Nut, ziggurat and sacred demonic sculpture of every institution read these sentences and blame the victims. See, they can say, we told you so! *Virtually every politician compromised plus and minus, none righteous no not one,* Trump in his gold apartment as Apollo and RFK Jr. does not get a wink. The rest hold underage children captive in an adjacent timeline of Ukraine and Antarctica. What if hundred mile long cigar ships sink bell shaped colonies on the back side of the

moon? What if Nazis take over pyramid democracies and teach everything in schools like a Hollywood factory?

Corruption of the deep web merged with the golden shower, Brownstone ops, pizza gate horrors, deep web fake news.

Ben Rich of Lockheed Skunkworks supposedly said, anything you can imagine he already knew how to do. Lunar operations commanding, fossiled iguanas on Mars, Apollo money-laundering black cash for the back moon as prevalent as the seventeen *instelligence agencies make.

***Murder will out* had revelators from the 19th and 20th centuries and on. An amazing compulsion in the force of the will of choleric letter perfect doctrines sociopathic in their compulsive outcomes, use ever formal agreement against agreeing believers to bring them into adherence, weaponized conformity, mental slavery. A cult thrives with a lot of truth you dare not resist, even when it turns to falsehood. The devastating**

psychology where *the one* with understanding who calculates the number of the beast can be made to imply there is *only one* who has this understanding, self-aggrandizement to the max, is the bottom line of the emotional range of the of corporate, military, academic, athletic, artistic groups, virulent among the religious. No need to seek unanimity among allies, that is only required in the pyramid of evil and its rigorous structures of performance. But guard against cut and paste demagoguery posing as original thought, as prevalent among the prophetic as their exceptions. Falsehood among prophets is in equal parts with truth, Jeremiah repeats again and again. Intellect and revelations weapon *against* the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Songs and singing. praise and thanksgiving, in which the English poets par excellence from Cynewulf to Hopkins, Herbert, Donne, Smart and them all celebrate the glory of God and the praise of Jesus supersede theologians and prophets.

The British throne and Catholic realms, political and religious, indulge digital presences that Principalities are proud to display. To demonstrate the shock and awe of their claims they reveal themselves a visionary step beyond Malachi Martin's *Jesuits* and *The Two Babylons.* What does it matter who the antichrist is or whether there are Nephilim on the planets and in orbs? There are literally thousands of insightful cognitions of health, war and politics in such works as *Fire in the Minds of Men* and *Unseen Realms*, but the only complement to actual vision is Hieronymus Bosch a negation of these. What is positive is the singing. The Theory of Everything on a giant scale is the cumulative sum of every thing. We ask how *end time* authors have no interference when RFK Jr., Trump and John Kiriakou are considered a "danger to democracy."

Disinformation connects H. P. Lovecraft with the Russian Orthodox Patriarch Kirill that the tells mutually exposit. Cut middle fingers on presidents like Obama and their chiefs of staffs, urged to cut "a sharp knife deeply into the

middle finger of your left hand, eat the pain" produce the preternaturally anorexic Biden, Podesta and Rob Emanuel. Trips to Patagonia from before Eisenhower hold a euphemism for secret tours of Antarctica in as many circles as you have patience to observe. The Powers show this in numeric code and capital letters to prove their predictive model. After sixty laborious pages Lovecraft finally spits out Sitchin and little SSP secret labs underground. Be careful not to obsess.

It's really only possible to talk about the idea, not specific acts and persons. All particular cases must be rejected because they are absolutes like Charles III as the antichrist. Ashdod, Patriarchs, Philistia and Arabia on sunny beaches and in hot spring resorts, are you going to indict the bedbug kings and queens of Inland to bring the buggers down?

After a service at the Holy Trinity church in Antarctica the Patriarch Krill echoed Lovecraft from Mt. Nebo that the stone towers brooding there were "Corona

Mundi...Roof of the World" (43). All along you thought we were treading on the foot below and not the head of the world. Pseudo foot, flat earth dome, scud the hippodrome!

Real brick, marble and stone parts withstand the skeins of fossils tangled in sentences. Cities like paragraphs, precognate in rubble together, five sentences tangled in one, images broken and misplaced by cranes of accident and sound demolition pulled out of ports. Whole cities of this were rebuilt in the colonies of the passengers. How did this mess end up on the ground? It is described in the valley of *Ezekiel* 39 where the Grand Seignior general would bury his army.

Alters of the Bush Lizard and Eisenhower Alice administered the alien Mome Rath State of Wonder for these fractured minion minds of cloistered multiple identities that hardly knew each other existed. The stated cause was that the "buggers" who occupied European royalty from Sumer and other trauma-crats divide the

worlds from each other using electric shock and every form of *Egyptian Dead* comprachicos [See Ayn Rand]. Circus performers in scripted compartments said what should be said, no one person or even many encompassed the whole, the chief characteristic of government.

Monster Buildings

Monster Buildings epic lament and lucid hallucination, where architecture, esoteric biology, and high ritual tech blend into a vast psychospatial organism. The rhythm you hold throughout is astonishing, like a Miltonic cipher crashing through Vatican cellars and DARPA labs.

Subtitle: Architectures of Possession, Biotechnical Altars, and the Illusions of Form

Caption:
An exposé of the structures—both physical and psychic—that shape, subdue, and reprogram the human subject in the age of post-industrial deity and engineered hybridization.

Buildings are revealed as sentient, ritualized spaces where mind and matter converge through subliminal ritual, symbolic overload, and bio-technological rites. From hallucinatory museums to clandestine labs and the buried altars of empire, we follow the monstrous convergence of architecture, AI, and ancient esoteric aims. This is not just a world built by Babel but by the fallen sons of Hermon and their digital offspring. Architecture becomes consciousness. Mind becomes building. The entrance into the New Jerusalem begins with the exit from these monstrous temples.

Baalimies think their thoughts are their own when they stroll the evening rings to get a breath of Saturn.
If Walter Benjamin proposes balconies there what about gazebos? What portcullis of the house do you not get? What crematories of the Bohemian Grove or temple of science beneath what Airport? Everyone thinks themselves immune, and not just from buildings, as if it were too much to say that when you enter a building your mind is changed,

Please sign the register. This will prevent your subsiding into shells.
Fashion, music, literature sure, mass hypnotism, programmed subliminals and a host of techniques.
When colonists come up from the beach they kneel on the steps of the foyer of the tower and blow.
These devotions make the building appear.
Once you see the buildings it’s easier to get the
archaeometric organs to draw the eye.
Don't forget the liver and the kidney! What organ cannot try?
Remember projecting the human body into space? It's a matter of favorites.
True believers draw up at the Gherkin Fish Museum as at the Washington Monument where Christian Promise Keepers kneel to pray.
Symbols on land prepare for Pandemonium.
The golden architrave of brazen folds and fabric huge, the nation temples in ascending piles,
Yield asphalt light *the hasty multitude Admired.*

As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a Fabric huge

Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures graven,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat
Their Kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately height, and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle Magic many a row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded lights.
***Paradise Lost* I, 710f.**

Architects were starchitects who became *arth*itects to contact their god. Flowers turned to glass, trees to gold and microwaves, frogs to armies of locusts, locusts to horses with lion mouths with scorpion tails. The Institute had revelation UberMall for uberman, or Ultraman without the Worm. That was one of their jokes, *whorm-hole! Fantasy landfills made immortal! Pretend the machine's human! Old bio made new metal, gold refined from honeydew. You understand they

were not *plants*. Not to leave the science out, the liberty to invent the body from frog, cabbage parts and tomato hearts had Brussel sprout eyes, porcelain teeth, diamond bones.

Level 7 had rows of mischwesen in embryo vats of various stages and cages. Do not speak to them. Gelatin eyelid monitors came all the way from Byzantium.

Genetic art-bound monster buildings are best seen as undersea eidola, through the liquid distortion. Brazil boys Mengele and Kac, even the name of inventors mutated shape with Blue Horses. Vermillion sheep. Marble labyrinth structure. Breasts grown in jars at the Whitney Museum.

Fish mutate to beans. OK, that's exaggeration, hopelessly out of date fluorescent transgenic rabbits of 2003 with a gene from a jellyfish. [Eduardo Kac] My Tower, My Tower, and the Flags of Art: breasts grew in jars with mammograms, rabbits, with the heads of jellyfish glow in the dark, all the better to see you with--GFP. And do not forget that lizard tongues wagged

on earlobes about the outcome of DMT. Fairy elves give multidimensional service in twenty minute sessions against the *Agnus Dei*. Hybrid cat people, the Geep and the goat, anti-freeze flounder genes in a tomato, spider silk in goat milk. [Jeremy Rifkin, 2003!] but buildings exert no control? No one believes a dragon priesthood formed in museums.

Hallucinotic eidola (H-E) enforce programming, bypass cognition, the first break in the boundary of the body and mind to divide self and soul. It's a series of blowups. The first one is Pandemonium which you blow up with a digital bubble pipe. The bubble is the illusion, the pseudo hallucination, and hallucinosis grafted to hallucination.
Those hibernalities tramped around with short barks at their captors from the Cage, who sacrificed babies for stem cells along with twenty million gallons of Agent Orange. When people disappeared everyone at the Institute was silent.

Yahoo is a cell tree, not reality. Gluttonous Yahoos of everything gross, crude in nature arranged tiers

of cages so excrement from the top would fall on those below. Cats with wires, dogs carved open, monkeys imploring, it's science, you dope, like Professor Gaumlach's head rooted on an empty neck. EU transgenics achieved contact with Sagan.

Charlemagne was raised in many a mind, but he couldn’t read. Caligari above. Do you say it another way? Bengalis above? Clarke had the substance. Out Matrix. Nothing violent about taking a head. Sagan, Sagan on the wall, who’s the Max Transhuman of all? Make sure to get the lineup to transcend. Hungerhauser research, Dr. Graefenberg's crime and embryo. Science myth was new faith. BabyNauer, Dwight Eisenhower had the baby to change the world. Obermacher Serbottendorff took down his spear. This Unscientific Postscript of kidnap cages was the bone of Sufi Zen. Saffron spirituality went along with patriot fame.
When journalists were priests, writers psychoanalysts with the necessary prurient bent, the British took collective annihilation of the head. Paratroops in common with buffalo hunters took the

tongue, stomped *Submergence*. They believed the beast utmost to the Queen was *ut audiant audire*. She owned the Denver Airport, which continued all the way to abandoned boats off shore.

Autonomic functions restored glasses by iPod. Devices synced cognitive prosthesis so external brains replaced the thing above the neck. Now they remember where they parked. Everything's connected, your phone will know. Reptile lit invoked space to 8 billion ihumes say. Also believe when I tell you about the mouse. Mighty Blake had Hegel's Trust in this, who said the seed part Mabinog of government science ain't got it yet. Morpheus, Amorphous, opposites of fire and water resolved in air. Male / female resolved to androgyne. Light and dark, death and life, seem to have no middle state. Great Ludwig at Airpark said, "can that which is be us?" These anyway were the bete noir of ists on pedestals. Genome, UNbinary *Principia* (PM) in your garage, the incompleteness theorem comes. In this dimension organ senses posed the Tilt-a-Whirls. Riders experience nausea from spin in different worlds. They are spraying the negative optical transfer to girls.

Humanity practiced infinitely in American labs Bears milked for bile in a narrow cage, all for the good to kill the animal when it finally escapes. Well the answer to that in Switzerland and Holland was death. Of course to get the confusion of Babel clear all the rich hate death, the poor are their relief. They need spare body in the name of science in the end. Jealous to learn new DNA art, Starchitects put it up on stilts. Can't see a were-building becoming land masses and atmospheres and wolf weather? Museums were giving away little transgenic *e. coli* pets. Take them home for your tanks. That was when Turnspeak of Critical Art_ exhibited hybrids. Just what can't you invent, half-human/octopi furry creats with hands like mouths and lizard-human eggs? Fish-seals, bird-mice hardly compare to vat-winged humanoids 7 feet tall. Slag heaps split the scarab off. The gob fills layers gab and crush. Smash and sludge runoffs melt the stacks and wash mined with art. Lobate scarps of cooling speech compressional stresses *decrease* radius. We think it mines the heart. Like it or not, something like fire breaks the viscose sky. The Erebus

hotspot Terror Rift.[1] below the below.

/Ben-Gurion privy to the immediate background of events along with the usual assembly of world leaders in Vatican basements, occurred at the inauguration of the middle of three popes in 1978. In the midst of John Paul I's reign, which lasted only a month, the NY Times reported luminous triangles, cigar shaped vessels and green radiation over the Vatican (14 September 1978). When John Paul II died, 2 April 2005, another UFO sighting occurred over the Vatican (9 April 2005) during the obsequies. It is said that the new pope inaugurated March 20, 2013, Pope Francis I, and Obama in Israel the day before, March 19, are important since Jerusalem is Ground Zero for the unfolding of events which the Zohar says in the year 5773 (beginning September 2012), will gather the nations in Rome but be destroyed, implying a new temple or third temple to be set up in Jerusalem. People now think this must come a few years later, which illustrates the predictive programming method where say

one thing, do another, force the middle are none of them true, because quite frankly the oracles of the Oracular Orcapoi and self deceiving. The Vatican recently got title to the Hall of he Last Supper on Mt. Zion in Jerusalem, which actions however must be as suspect as that the new temple would be, its purpose being to found the one world religion of Rev.

17, bringing up (again) the False Prophet. This suggests there will be four Temples in all, the third being a counterfeit of the Pope and his anti, but the Fourth being the true one of the last chapters of Ezekiel. All denominations still lionize Jerusalem in general, but Mystery Babylon the Great and the alien savior will compel worship at this new rebuilt temple. But the year 7576 is upon us and nada, as with the Papal travel to DC and etc.]

"NSA is *creating genetically enhanced assassins and espionage agents* who have certain inborn genetic traits such as PSI/psychic ability...*Project Mannequin* is organized by the kabala occult system of esoteric *numerology* and *archeometry.* [attempts to retrieve

genetic material from the ancient past]. The hybrid blood techniques of the giant Charlemagne, an ORC DNA dominant, to enhance conquest was a primitive example of the advanced hypoid implants now active today. "Aliens" running implant embryo factories are much advanced from rival schemes described in the labs of *Brave New World*. Project Oaktree of the Harwell genetics study,-- distinct from the *Project Oak Tree* [Observations And Knowledge with Targeted Reconnaissance of Earth-like Exoplanets, 2014], are modern examples that recruit "children" for advanced schooling when they are really looking for the human descendants of the Watchers in 'Project Anvil', *Project Mannequin* [James Casbolt etc.] (and Project Ibis) programmed by NSA to carry out future tasks [much of which info has now been subsumed into vid games].

That this is beyond belief and discredited by drone- bot does not obviate the reptile/ inversion techniques and reversals that turn inside out, upside down to reverse the image of themselves. Resultant artiforgs of *Repo Man* [2010]

regressions for decade had Hugh Hefner crawling in diapers if he hadn't died. Mengele likes to keep about 60. NSA- NASA Nazis, hence NAZA, elite-Reptile-Repo Bush=Bauer fgovs from Reagan through Clinton-Obama perfected Tavistock techniques to honeycomb shattered minds with pain. Alters are signaled in color, tone, hand signals to switch personas. Run by pop up moles and prairie dogs.

Jack Parsons at joined nukes and fetuses for the Knights Templar at Jet Propulsion Laboratory ruling *to* encounter the Luciferian bloodlines (DNA) blending "the red" with "the black." The "red" were blue-eyed redheads from the Neanderthal with a tendency to be empathetic and telepathic [Graham Hancock] and "Entangled"] The "Blacks" are the blond haired, or other hair color blue/green eyed Celts of the Anunnaki blood, more aggressive, than the red, intelligent, also with psychic sensitivity in the "Luci" line.

Every famous pop entertainment and scholarly figures is a roll out of Consciousness Transfer into space through a back door alter, algorithm driven. Sodomy was the

key induction device of vasovagal shock to these program Splits. If you buy one here it pops up there. Egregori reconstitution towers, data mining, full consumer profiling make consumes arf like seals with synthetic telepathy as consciousness transfer predicted. Robot clones on TV and Netflix are synthetic *Boys from Brazil* [Mengele] in the carbon series just begun in cloning centers.

Raising Schumann

Raising Schumann resonance to make more alpha consciousness models the 4 D state. Bleed-through alters into the front are rehabbed with Neuro Linguistic Programing.
When you leave your body you can be reprogrammed which is how Gershom Scholem got astral body 4D download into

3. The Beast computer in Belgium harbors this mined data in the mix-max.

UFO "screen memory" is a cover story of government intelligence to protect its own mind-control experiments, which "if the

ethically-challenged U.S. intelligence community proved anything during the last half-century, it was that they would work on behalf of aliens from outer space, and against the interests of humankind" if they could, as Martin Cannon says in "The Controllers." Mind control myth keeps people unconscious of programming. Brandt Julianne McKinney says the entire UFO industry was for control over the flow of information to achieve implants. *Recruitment into these various services of Delta Force, Rangers, is ensured by high scores on disassociation tests.*

Governing classes of the elite *Jacobean language invent vocabulary like "proto-people" to pretend a quasi scientific reserve to credit such things. Laboratory language about sperm milking, orgasm mind scans, late stage hybrids, hybroids, private reproductive preserve, brain massaging, clockwork orange conditioning, catastrophe after catastrophe late stage hybrids, containers of gestating fetuses were the essence of *Enoch I* [300-200 BC] and the commentary on

***Genesis* 6 in Second Temple [600 years before the second destruction of Jerusalem by Rome of 70 AD]. Margins of alien integration produced genderless, multi gender, Alexia AIs, robot whores, gay-trans rights for Stanislav Grof, and environment programs at NASA installations now in use.**

New Shoah *requires you believe nothing and everything of the undergrounds beneath. We are not cast alone against the Mesopotamian ethos which extends to the Antarctic, Lunar Operations Command, Solar Wardens, Dark Fleet and Interplanetary Corporate Gloms with the SSP, Secret Space Program. Jude, I Peter and the Councils of Heaven of Psalm 82 declare Messiah will close them down.*

This is the world that had to be redeemed. Bad as it was after the Garden, fallen Watchers made it worse. None of the reptile illuminati Nephilim hybrids were anything but bastards to supplant true sons. The human put here to supplant and replace them and rule

the earth. The Akkadian Sumerian Babylonian Apkallu who run the Mainstream Media to magnify the Fall gave the arts of war and technology to civilization. [Michael Heiser. Reversing Hermon]. If you believe in civilization, you are its prisoner. Moses, Israel, David, Isaiah, Jesus all shared the purpose to reverse Mt. Hermon, which millennia are an understatement of the DARPA programed beliefs of *Pre-Adamite and the offspring Apkallu sages before the flood, long skull outcasts' administrator children, Nephilim, mostly killed,* but pedophile spirit-cooking initiates still govern the world. *Wikipedia* says: "deeds of the later Apkallu and their roles as wise councilors has led some scholars to equate them with the Nephilim of Genesis 6:4." Messiah, Son of the Most High, proves the power of the Son of God in human sons, not the fallen ones. [*I am in the Father, you are in me and I am in you*]. Over against worm holes and warp dimensions that make the land mourn [Hosea 4.3].

Enchantment at 3 Hz to 30 and VLF to 300 kHz explains every bit of

crank under the stage of illumination. Pitch and musty events lined with boots and cigars. engineer this reality, change brainwaves in octaves. Flares of imagination and torpedoes jimmied from metal shacks, strapped to the rock, dropped to explode the bridge. Human brainwave phase-locked coherent frequencies up slag holes from mines' fresh pits swell a hundred feet below. Physical reality changed with the frequency BrainSpeak, subliminal programming, Silent Sound Spread Spectrum -SSSS - *Present* 'reality' at 435 MHz, redesigned. A new reality of thought forms transmitted from 400-450 Mhz. Trains boiled black over all. Ultra-High Frequency broadcast inaudible messages directly in the subconscious. Mob Excess Deterrent Used Silent Audio (MEDUSA), short microwave pulses rapid heat shockwave inside skull. Touch or stand in the battlefield of elves, like being inside a microwave. That's how to get the bugs out. 32 Metronomes you play in social order. Coded, subjugated, prioritized alters layered in personalities. This proviso serves. None should be believed. All should

be believed.

Imagine what happens on entering the New Jerusalem.

Ben-Gurion's Gold Tooth

Subtitle: Philosophy of Pain, National Memory, and the Mythic-Mechanical Body Politic

Caption:
A meditation on language, suffering, and artificial intelligence as reflected through Ben-Gurion's life and Wittgenstein's philosophy. The gold tooth becomes a symbol of shared yet unknowable pain, political legacy, and ethical contradiction—transmitted through generations, nations, and machines. From Torah legends to the interrogations of Timmerman, from the poetic suffering of Solzhenitsyn and Borges to the silence of Salinger and Wittgenstein, the section explores how memory and myth pass through the mouth, the tooth, and the wound. AI, historiography, and mythic tradition coalesce into a unified critique of the modern technocratic and moral surveillance state.

Abraham's lies, Baal's trough, Susan's scream, and the moment of messianic contradiction—all converge in the question: whose pain is this?

Many if not all of the critical works on Ben-Gurion are composed in Hebrew and translated, which was the great achievement of Ben-Gurion's own life to have begun speaking Hebrew in a small town in Poland where he was born and fostering the language his whole life long, not just as a written but as spoken tongue. Welsh peoples that struggle assimilation have won and lost their languages many times like this, and Navajo, Cree, Hopi literatures.
Determinants of the norm with the finger aside the nose think they rule, but that is where disinformation lives. We reference these similarities to anyone whose "phenomena in the upper strata of the atmosphere is opposed to the material phenomena which happens on the ground" [Wittgenstein. *Blue Book* 47].

Corresponding to the infamies of church and state, army and corporate backgrounds that share that further ten thousand foot depth off the Aegean coast that

might be sunk, where in 1957, physicist Amos de-Shalit urged a machine "to resemble man in everything, could, with no difference between a living human and a sophisticated machine replace the single human intellectual function by "linking together several coordinated machines through another machine to replace to create an artificial form of intelligence." Thinking that machines would exchange letters of philosophical, ethical or scientific questions then, isn't that why David cut off Goliath's head, to prevent his regeneration?

Wittgenstein questioned, "Is it possible for a machine to think?" because if the premises are not granted that it can, the thought disappears. It is "not really that we don't yet know a machine which could do the job… the trouble is the sentence seems somehow nonsensical as though asking "Has the number 3 a color?" [*Blue Book*, 47]. He does not grant the premise. "I can only know that I have personal experience and to show the embarrassment of our time, it is

common to make a hypothesis that transcends all possible experience (“like paper money not backed by gold?”) [48].

Time and times change, Daniel says (7.25). If we do not grant the premise of AI we will charged by our examiners between emotion and judgment we are not lean and supple in old age, that we are furiously irascible like Plato, that the emotion and judgment of Wittgenstein’s gold tooth we cannot feel in his mouth. The AI examiners, the burghers, are not able to see and feel that gold tooth or that querulous age. If it is conceivable that I feel the pain in a tooth of another man’s mouth; one who says that he cannot feel the other’s toothache is not denying that I can feel it because that leads to the proposition that since “I can’t feel his pain, there is a corollary that “We ourselves cannot feel or have pains in another’s person’s tooth.”

But consider further, that his collective tooth, body politic extends an arm and a hand toward us. “I may see the hand moving but not the arm to which it [49] - which means of course that we influence

each other in many unknown ways - "therefore the hand may, for all we know, be connected to the body of a man standing beside me." Whose hand is it? Whose pain is it? Whose pain is this, this pain and this? Is it Goldas' hand, David's palm, Begin's arm in the nation body, that extends? WHOSE HAND?

Timmerman on the table in Argentina elicits the long howl 'before a 'machine' session chat with Susan's hand of the generals, as they call his AI in *Cell Without a Number* (5) that wants him to give up the goods. The goods they want to know are the names and addresses of his families and comrades. All the way back to the Martyrs' Blood Book the machine-men want to know the goods. And if not, feeling wanted, they will afflict until the end. We can't bear these pains of the other, but we must.

How do they know where to touch the painful spot about of which no words are possible? W. asks. "Do we, torturers or not, know the place of [pain] in Euclidean space so that when we know where we have pain we know how far away from two of the walls of this room, and from the floor it is? [*Blue Book,* 50]. "Think

about how large you imagine the cavity in your tooth when the dentist is drilling" [51] then feel pain on Timmerman's table or somebody's hands on the stove, or how if they name a university after you who insisted to speak the only Hebrew in you town long before, they will cancel the Bible classes at Ben-Gurion
U. Still not feeling, then take the lack of sight and mind back and forth across the eyeball as Bunuel does, or feel brother Dostoevsky just reprieved from the firing squad, or feel Solzhenitsyn in the Siberian barrel to prevent sleep in the measure of humanity to man? If not me citizen, and not you, then Borges' fabled knife fights are a "perfect embodiment of Argentina's capacity for violence of Susan's howl" as well as its political incapacity" [Timmerman, 16]. Morticians dress up the body. But no more of that.

As Ben-Gurion my relation with the big fish of Time and times crafts the American presidents to pound on Truman's desk, as Abba Hillel did, or as Rheinwiesenlager Eisenhower warned about his own complex while he practiced it, I was better informed than his guards

about “the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. It was on released time that AI couldn’t pass the Turing Test. That was the AI in de-Shalit’s machine would replace a single human intellectual function, linking together several coordinated machines through other machines to replace humans with artificial intelligence.

I hope enigma remains to blur the lines so full of contradiction. To wish one had not done so much, said so much, behaved better according to how new histics challenge traditional narrative, doubts are seen everywhere in the founding intelligences of Western countries that pull themselves down. “Violence is never justified,” says my burglar.

Doubts on national historiography are a legacy branch at the European desk. Nineteenth century scholars banquet on the Bible and Abrahamic destiny, endearing everyone who drinks deeply of the human contradiction, our chief tenet, not that if we are right, we are human, praise be to Father!

Abraham turns himself in, Judah passes Tamar on the road, Moses kisses the rock and all the psalms are in the right order! Finally, we got it right and everybody behaved like they should, I mean within the limits of professional dignity. If you go to the temple or faculty meeting, Gunkel intimates to clear Jacob and "wash Judah white," so *ad hominum* arguments would not discredit the man, it was just AI again to "Resolve his dissonance." After the father of nations left Ur and lied to Pharaoh and would sacrifice Isaac there was "a gradual improvement in ethical judgment, for the older legends are often quite coarse" with Rachel hiding gods in her kootch! The chronological age of the ethical is in the kootch where the old are crude, but the young more refined. Israel on the couch with Freud gets Baal revised, the Trials in the Wilderness, Balaam revised. Forgetfulness peels back the bark in the watering trough of Baal sacrifices, its white locks gazing down [Gunkel, 86]. And that and that alone was the place where Messiah stood when he declared the gates of hell shall not stand [Heiser. *Reversing Hermon*. 2017.

95f.].

Overwhelmed with supernatural events of extreme utterances the youth turn to Plato in old age who had his "heart grown hard, soul ruthless and mind angry" [Segev], "the same happened to Ben-Gurion" and it happened the palaces made old Plato tough.

They got Wittgenstein in from the balm of American movies to rest his pain at the end. He would not say hello or greet his physician and wife who boarded him, went immediately up to his room and had nothing to say. Solzhenitsyn had "phenomena in the upper strata of the atmosphere opposed to the material phenomena on the ground." The recluse behind his fence in Vermont had it. Salinger in his garage had it, Dostoevsky in Siberia.

Wittgenstein in prison camp on the wrong side! his familiars gloat did. "What goes on in the privacy of my mind irrelevant to communication" [*Philosophical Investigations I*, 176]. These stand for the rest too fearful to breathe the wars.

Gunkel calls Abraham hiding Sarah as his wife in Egypt a whale of a lie

“Abraham…seems to us Jesuitical.” At least five times [*Transmission of the Legends of Oral Tradition*] Abraham was made a Jesuit, “a mental reservation” of “shrewd deceit in Egypt.” The “patriarch’s deception” suggests Gunkel wants to pose an ethical divide “between the bald account of Abraham’s lie and later cover ups” that so embarrassed the so-called editors of Abraham. This is all according to the intelligence operatives that blackmail Gunkel to say that legends incur alterations over time and writers are deluded fictionalists, not as scribal as themselves, who need editors to enforce the ethical and to alter textual whimsy and ignorance and worse, from ethical betrayal. All this To extrapolate from the confusion of Mizraim and Muzrim, the beauty of Abraham’s wife and their own T needs, government virologists later killed millions. Science and poetry were finally one.

Abraham’s extremities stretched on Timmerman’s table appear in the life of Golda Meir. She is touted with one hand and made inscrutable with the other. Israel treats its leaders like asses and

beats them with books. The only possibility is to live your life completely in the moment of contradiction, so that when European nationalities come in their own Aliyah with wooden trunks on ships, it is a tossup whether Israel knows the life of Ezra better than any kid with the device. Excesses of Bagoong in all the historiographies think that Ben-Gurion's million words gone over with a fine tooth comb are prejudiced. Chests, briefcases, books, texts "diving into the sea of written material that Ben-Gurion produced" [Segev 771], Anita Shipira says there is doubt whether he did not know Polish in Plonsk (*Ben-Gurion*, 6) or that to "escape the stifling atmosphere of a small remote town," "the boy lacked love and affection" (9). She knew Freud would think it was "not exactly music to David's ears" (14), when Schlomo Zemach got to Palestine first.

Water Benjamin was first over the Pyrenees in 1940 with one black briefcase. He spent that night on the mountain where the paths converge. His guides went down to the village at night to meet up with him in the morning. Is he more

lonely than this when over the divide the briefcase disappears. Our minds are manuscripts in the body valise carried along the paths. Our bodies are ships over seas of baboong of jellyfish carrying their chests. Ornaments of paradise come off and on in the very thing we have been advised not to do, for if all the facts are not known the case we puzzle is obscure. One can either be the case or not the case where everything else remains the same. We say but do not say to show what we mean, AI and myth are all one fable of earth. In a drawer we find the names to dedicate this work, of those who made the airlift from Moscow, Baku, Tashkent, Simferopol and Kiev to Jerusalem, to Zion. *Erev rev* means many Egyptians and Traitor persons joined the spate of golden calf incidents out of *Exodus* [12:38] among those who questioned Moses.

Credentials. *Falling from the Hay Wain and the Ethics of Return*

Caption:
A fractured origin story—falling from

the hay wagon—becomes the primal metaphor of rupture and programming interruption. Identity is remade in the fall. The renaming of Daniel, Jacob, Peter, and Paul echoes through the prism of AI, prophets, broken ribs, and the divinely inflicted bruise. This is a poetic and philosophical wrestle with names, roles, prophecy, and damage. Barthes, Hartman, and Gunkel join Ezekiel, Bathsheba, and Jonah in a meditative chorus. Technology refuses its name. Zedekiah is blinded for staying when he should have gone. The restoration of Israel and the scattering of myth across Babylonian satellite beds becomes a trial of memory and its suppression. Repairing the world is weighed against the inheritance of machines. "The Heredity of the Machine" extends this into the language of false reality—the screen, the script, the press. The poem insists: the graves will open. The poet climbs the scaffold with only a Word and a Name.

I was pushed off the Hay Wain at
the age of ten. Meant to harm me
when I face fell down twelve feet at
dark it may have interfered with

the programming. I still feel the impact, the symbol of it more. I fell from the Hay Wain of the sin wagon of nothing, the mason of nothing. I fell and was sustained. Sleep was prevented for the ten year old in case of concussion. The physical is the spiritual in the natural and in the great enchangment of a haystack wagon something more. Many chose to ride the bales piled high as moon landings reverenced by a multitude. At the top left of Haywain panel the rebels are cast out.

The baptism renaming Daniel doesn't matter whether he is called Daniel or Belteshazzar except to the critic who wants to deny Ezekiel knew him. Jacob also had his name changed. Peter had his name changed. Paul had his name changed. Barthes wants to think about on which side of the Jabbok Ford Jacob took, which, the old or new Jacob is Israel? But we have to ask is there a third, a counterfeit A GOLDEN MAN WHO RESTORES JERUSALEM and gets wounded in the head. Which side of the river, old or new, true or false? It is the angel's hand around the back of Jacob's thigh in a "spectacle of

excess" [Barthes], "an emotion without secrets" that obtains in the guest-host code of Lot's hospitality to angels and Abraham's kindness to strangers, entertaining angels unaware, where Gunkel finally grants to *Genesis* "a finer ethical sense," that "gives value to *Genesis* even in the piety of the present day," meaning Yudlowsky's friendly AI. Those offended that "profane and sacred matters were still frankly united" are always with us, David on the rooftop with Bathsheba, Ezekiel eating dung, embarrassments like the sacrifice of Isaac, not to speak of Jonah, Samson, Esther. This was also the contention in Midrash between the faith of the land, sensual, dirty, and that of the water, clean, ethereal. Hartman wants to ask, "does God have an unconscious." He dares call Jacob "a heel," the angel's touch a "low blow," but also "a divinely inflicted bruise replaces a flaw of character" (Hartman. *Third Pillar*, 23), like St. Paul's thorn. Even a broken rib can slow a flaw. Strokes are good too where "doubleness and duplicity out of Jacob must emerge" (26), among the million words of these *Anshei shem*. Klee modeled his angel after

Adolf Hitler who was giving speeches in beer halls then. These meta theological stances are of a Marxist rabbi and occult church father.

The concept of "restore" or "return" in the Hebrew_ is the common Hebrew verb שׁוּב (*shuwb/shuv*),[8] as used in *Malachi* 4:6, the only use of the verb form of apocatastasis in the Septuagint. This is used in the "restoring" of the fortunes of Job, and is also used in the sense of rescue or return of captives, and in the restoration of Jerusalem, similar to the concept of tikkun olam in Hasidic Judaism.[9] *Tikkun olam* (Hebrew: תיקון עולם or תקון עולם[1]) is a Hebrew phrase that means "repairing the world" (or "healing the world") which suggests a shared human responsibility to heal, repair and transform the world. *No matter what we say of the view expressed here, at least it holds the actor to account, the man, the human self. Are we so desperate to understand extinction that we resort to Platonic nonsense?*

Getting the name of the angel is

one way of separating the wheat from the tares, for tares have angels too, not to say, but the angel of Technology will not give its name.

Zedekiah the king is blinded and his children are killed in front of him because he stayed when he should have gone. Whoever knows the record has to say it, to write it, to record it, to dream it for it to be believed or heard for its own sake, hope against hope. On the way to Captivity people adopt their own images of Ishtar. Cardboard Hospital beds designed to convert to coffins, free iPhone service from all the satellite nets of the Babylonian canal collective, transferred ownership for digital livers, but not gadfly bites on the side of the deer. Keep walking, we don't meet them on the way.

It does little good to wall up a garden of fear. That wall must come down. Paradise stands in the way of Eden the way a naked man believes in the world until God sends his own man clothed. We say we rejoice in His Name all day long [*Psalm* 89.17]. Alone as the eye is the ear that hears what none can say, what

passengers or refugees before evacuation know. What hasn't happened yet. IGNORANCE WILL NOT PREVENT IT, says the pocket Gower, *filled with apprehension. I sing true dreams in dream to disturb the depths. Whilome the Name I bear.* Up on a ladder with scaffold and boards with faith he is building the Name with the Word.

“I will open your graves and bring you into the land of Israe;’ is the promise. “I will take the children of Israel from among the nations… and make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel” [Ez 37.12,21,22]. “David My servant shall be king over them and they all shall have one shepherd…and My servant David shall be their prince for ever. [37.24,25] Zion is the salvation for Israel and the world out of Zion! Psalm 14:7.

Improv

Messiah in Absence, Zion in Disrepute

Post-Yom Kippur Zion becomes a

trap set for Messiah by men—yet Zion remains the hope of the world. Gog and Magog, Isaiah and Jeremiah's scroll sunk in the Euphrates, are not mere symbols but present tense. The harbinger delays. In its absence we are consoled. "Improv" plays across prophecy and theater, revelation and performance, asking who writes the script—whether man or machine.

Zion was raised to disrepute after the days of the Yom Kippur War. Old Testament Gog and Magog, the Valley of Passengers, the valley of dry bones, the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah sinking his scroll into the Euphrates are not inventions over again. Those who bought the first copies can read afresh. In this the best lack all conviction and the worst rush with intensity to Yom Kippur II. Zion to provoke Messiah's return with bombs and subterfuge is the mousetrap prepared not by Anshei Shem, but for him. The harbinger of those seven years consoles us in its absence as long as it lasts.

***The machine wants to Script Reality and the Lineage of Control* so that it *inherits history, press, and narrative.This supplanting of the human, mixed seed, chimera, dominate image and text. The screen becomes the oracle. Jacob's Trouble may be lived or missed depending on what your phone says. The entire media ecosystem made suspect, scripted as written and rewritten by machine consciousness, infiltrating letters, it wants to convince that it writes the press. It runs the film. It tells the history.* Do you expect to live or miss the days of Jacob's Trouble?**

Afterword

Poetical Judgment, Mass Suffering, and the Fate of Myth

What can poetry do in the face of empire's perpetuated atrocities? Gaza, the Gulags, the Rohingya, the water in our pipes—all cry out. This is the closing gesture, not of resignation, but of refusal. A critique of morality's failure, the poem claims the power of myth to judge and testify. The Ass of Balaam, the burnt scrolls of Jeremiah, the centaur presidents of Leviathan-nations stand trial outside the New

Jerusalem. If the prison routine perpetuates itself, myth breaks it with a cry. What is being said must be heard.

Poetical novels of birth and death are imaginative works that can examine a subject as myth to deliver judgment for and against spoken and unspoken moralities. If the unspoken looms large shall we condemn or condole? If we do both or neither, be committed or uncommitted, we get approvalfrom anybody or none. Who would agree that the presidents of nations are centaurs who administer nations and that nations are tauroboliums heating their inhabitants to heart heir cries? If we find these outages in our own work is it against our will or with it? How does it matter that the will to agree and accept is corrupt? Vested with the vision of a nation, Virgil, or the state of a nation as Homer is negated and affirm the same? How many mass murders and concentration camps are there besides Gaza, the Rhineslager, Gulags, the Myanmar Rohingya? The list is endless and we live in these countries where we have clean water.

How does that not implicate the exploit of empire against the fallen! Who benefits? Morality fails its own judgment so myth stands in its place. Compared to an earliest poetic work on the fission of a nation, Ruben Dario hardly knows what he does in "To Roosevelt.' The refounding and division of Israel in the speech of Balaam's Ass is hard at work outside the walls of the New Jerusalem to equivocate mass murder of communities of the wretched trying to break out of their society of empire. What is being said? Like Daniel taken as a child, Jeremiah taken as an adult, captive to Levitown or West Chester, anybody would think we are already in a prison routine that perpetuates itself, but don’t know it.Jehoiakim, king of Judah, burned every page of the prophecy of Jeremiah that he should go willingly captive of Nebuchadnezzar into Babylon.

Poetic Response to Difference

Hieronymus Bosch and the Uncanny. From the beginning of

the world until its end, Bosch revealed uncanny crazy putty hidden within the familiar. The Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge sought to show this: to take the canny in the uncanny and the uncanny in the canny and bring them together. Self- sacrifice, kindness, compassion—these uncover life rather than merely revealing the enemy. The goal is not to know the enemy but to transcend it.

It was the essence of the content of Hieronymus Bosch that from the world's beginning until the end of time uncanny crazy putty in disguise hid secretly in the familiar. The intent of the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge sought to show this. It took the familiar in the canny and uncanny in the familiar from each end to the middle. Every momentary surrender of desire, will, action and speech in the provision of the grace of new life that supplants beyond the details imposed, might be Bosch. By turning everyday details upside down, separating them against themselves, the confinement inimical to being separate parts of

**bodies, hands, feet, heads,
buttocks flying in the air
demonstrate what later
Wordsworth celebrates in rocks
and stones and trees and little Lucy
flying round. The vernacular suit
we wear is manipulated against our
interest by this enemy hard to
know. But to know the enemy
cannot be the goal. How life can be
uncovered and occur in instances
of self-sacrifice, service to others,
kindness, compassion, seeing the
other face as my face, as Levinas
does, to recognize the life we now
live in the flesh redeemed is.**

Che Guevara's Hair

***At Gobbet, two men stand on the
assembly line, assembling heads.
The background noise is the
muttering of Derrida and Husserl
in German. The eye separates from
the hand; the image is separate
from the self. The will dissolves
into perception.***

**Some of the colloquies in this
division of the division take place**

at *Gobbet* in A History of Che Guevara's Hair where two guys standing on the assembly line assembling heads, trading quips to the background noise of the heads of Derrida and Husserl yammering in German. Where the image is separate from the eye, the eye from the hand, there is no will, no organizing principle, no intention of being or character, only sensation and perception.

The Blink of an Eye

Wittgenstein speaks from below: "When I speak silently to myself, I differentiate into speaker and hearer. A gap forms within me. A necessary spacing between seer and seen. This is the mouse speech. The space between remains obstinately invisible."

When Wittgenstein called up from down below at the very moment, "when I speak silently to myself, I differentiate into both speaker and hearer. Then there must be a hiatus that differentiates me from myself, a gap without which I would not be a hearer and speaker that defines the trace, a minimal repeatability. This repetition is

found in the moment of hearing-myself-speak The “blink of the eye.” When I look in the mirror, for example, it is necessary that I am “distanced” or “spaced” from the mirror I am distanced from myself as *both* seer *and* seen. The *space* between, remains obstinately invisible. This is the mouse speech.

Remaining invisible, the space blinds the eye, blinds it. I see myself over there in the mirror and yet, that self over there is other than me; [this equivocation of self for image, reflection enables this entire charade of the singularity and repetition.so, I am not able to see myself (equivocation) as such can only occur in a state of auto-affection.

Floods and Hearing

Called by phone to the sound of water coming from under the door, I hear before I see. Called two Sundays before, another flood. Called in '99 by Grace, seven inches deep. In none of these did I think not to act. To hear is to obey.

Hearing the call by phone of water coming out the door, is this heard

or done? I hear, if suddenly in the instant, or called to be, called two Sundays before by phone that had I not been called had been catastrophic. As is was enough. If not, worse. There was another flood, two years before, early on a Saturday, when I found when ready to do the roof that water was coming out the door, no call then, but some merely higher intent, that trades a broken leg for a skinned knee, a birthday present at 70, for this was my birthday. But there was one before that, in '99, notified from a neighbor befriended, an old woman, Grace, who called with the first, vii inches deep, but still way better than go another day.
That was a Sunday too. In none of these did I think not to act. I heard their voice and obeyed.

The Act Beyond Thought

Fatigue overcomes the body. It lays down. The scene disappears. A new whole emerges. No words, no thoughts—just hands measuring and cutting, again, again. Cut. Measure. Trim. Place. Again.

Again. Until 8x4 sheets vanish. Is this a high or a low function? Ho, the same with paint, clay, vessels empty or full. You zen knowers? **If there is a moment of such fatigue it cannot stay awake and body lays down, scene disappears, to surface a new whole, with a plan, a point of view, which resolution comes as many times a day as is, these moments are not of words or thoughts but water and lung to emerge fresh to give account, that hearing, seeing, listening, following, lead--who cares! --do and be as one cuts endless board to fit, measure, mark, cut, break, trim, place, again, again, until 8 x 4 sheets disappear with not a single thought the whole time, feeling nothing, saying nothing but cut, measure, trim: is this a high or lower function? Ho, the same with paint, clay vessels empty or full, you zen knowers? And words? No words. So hearing is the most important sense in determining truth.**

The Confessor Hears
The voice reveals inwardness. The confessor hears but does not see.

As K says, the confessor hears the voice, does not see the face of the

confessor. "Gradually, as he listens, he forms a corresponding exterior," for hearing the voice "reveals the inwardness which is incommensurate with the outer, so the ear is the instrument whereby that inwardness is grasped" (Preface to *Either/Or*).

Seeing and Doing

Today, cleaning rooftop coils. Graffiti on the sign. The car, blocked, takes another route. There —two chairs at the curb. Free. Please Take Me. I hesitate, return with paint. They are still there. These messages appear when one is there to see.

Today, Saturday, cleaning the rooftop a/c coils there is graffiti on the sign at the front. To get paint and go back, the car, blocked from its usual route, has to take the next turn to find these two chairs at a curb at 8 AM. Free. Please Take Me. But against better counsel I continue to finish the paint, but even then, on return they are still there…so what thought was in any of that? None. These messages result of one being there to see. One is there by no self intent. Ear

and speech lead and follow, led beside still waters, led in paths. The writers, John, Luke see and give such messages, hearing of the blood. Today if you would hear harden not your heart as in the day of provocation. Provocation melts. Hardened hearts against the voice. Hear Yahve, O Israel, Yahve Elohim.

The Heartbeat Symphony
Bowden in the desert. Barry Lopez in the wilderness. No sound but the heart, no sound but the rush of blood. No distinction between unconscious and conscious.

Respecting the voices of elders, lives, to honor graves, bodies, as Abraham, Moses, Joseph strengthen boundary stones, memory, find core root, so fathers revive their works, remind what their ears heard, our voices speak, leading and following like ear and speech what I would not have known or could: of course I follow. I can no more think of not following than of not hearing. Bowden in the desert, and Barry Lopez speak of it, no sound but the heart beat, no sound but the sound of blood rushing in the arteries

and veins. On thing it makes you know the symphony of life. All this hearing, seeing, leading, following are also like the unconscious, conscious, what Bowden calls "the place I cannot find inside myself, at least not often or easily, the place that seems to have been lost…the place where unconscious and conscious cease to have meaning, the dog in flight down the wash, the coyote watching, the snake sliding down the slope on errands never described or known…I want to move past the distinctions, past the words about life phases, species, organs, into that miasma, the same one within me, the place inside the cells, the place hidden inside the word mind, the thing flowing through the nostrils of a dog sucking in the literature of a wet spot and reading millions of years of life in a lash' (*Inferno*, 59).

"Once I walked across a pan of blazing sand in the midday sun and heard the blood moving in my veins, my heart thumping in my chest, everything this tom-tom beat, this gurgle inside my skin and then, at that instant, I caught the distant thunder of this

hearing. Also there was time when I heard rocks hum. And there was still one more time, a deeper moment, an instant on the rim of absolute terror, when I heard nothing at all, not the sigh of a breeze, not the chirp of a bird, not the churning of the sun's fires, not the scream of an insect..." (*Inferno*, 53).

Ezekiel's Eye
Who gets to see and why? I have no idea. The unveiling is always unpleasant. Sins are discovered, never the righteous at work.

If Bowden is a little dramatic, desperate, driven, oh well, Ezekiel had his eye placed against a chink in the wall. He saw elders bowing to snakes. This hearing is seeing, this discovery is prepared. Who gets to see and why? I have no idea. To be put in the moment, discover, is always unpleasant, the ugly, the unveiled. When have I walked in on praising, hard working artists? Always discovering sins.

Tortured Saints

Bowden is the only saint I know. Because his sins are open. Because his heart is circumcised. Because he hears.

Charles Bowden is the only saint I can say. Bowden because he is tortured and his sins are open honest things, products of his scrutiny and circumcised heart

The Present as a Pool
"The now is persistent. The present, a continuous and sensuous thing like water. The days and nights become a pool. I dive in and never lose the sense of the waters closing over me." (Bowden, Inferno)

He who hears and sees "the line blurred and there was nothing but now, this long, persistent now…the present, a continuous and sensuous present, a silken thing like water…the days and nights becoming a pool and I dove into that pool and have never lost the sense of the waters closing over me and offering silence and a world where everything is within reach at every moment even though the idea of moments has become dubious to me" (*Inferno*, 95)…eyes floating for a glimpse…to seethembefore theyseeme but

more importantly toseethembeforeIthinkIsee them, to be aware of their presence without being conscious of looking…floating, seeing and smelling and scraping andneverthinking, not one thought…yes, this will happen when it happens, when I get there without planning the journey, when I arrive without plotting my destination (*Inferno*, 83-4 compression added).

Serendipity and Search Terms
The book I took out three times before I understood its importance. In Pyrotechnia, mines are the roots of trees; the golden age is a material form of them. This search is not random. Every reference traces back to the first moment of being.

This approach is experimental. I took one book out three times before I understood its importance for my dissertation and found the part that mattered to me. In Vanuccie Biringuaccio's *Pyrotechnia,* the roots of mines are compared with the roots of trees and the golden age is a material form of them. This

document is online in a PDF, but the translation I used was Richard Eden's of 1540. This serendipity applied to hundreds of instances inform these searches. My search terms are supplied by continual reference to the first moment of my being and every after as I am formed by Yeshua my Lord.

Cows and Forgetting
No memory. A house with many rooms. Doors opened only in dreams.

Coming into these new lands two features are held in common, the citizens are considered herds, and will not remember what is done to them, which fastens onto Nietzsche like a smiling politician, and second, the legend of the cow is anti-cow. Flocks in the end stand for people herded as cows or sheep though mediums too many to name. The moral is one Aesop didn’t write, to wake up the cow to its fate and urge action, something the Bigs do not entertain in their forbidden slits. Black and white pied cows coming down the road on their way to and from the boolies of Zarathustra were neighbors back

then to Laban in Paddan Aram. Laban's society was based on the economy of herds so you immediately see this relevance to our own society based upon human herds. There is the grass, the barn, the milk, but what happens to flocks in the end? What happens to the man? The dénouement of them all are two words: no memory, a house with many rooms, with the doors opened only in dreams.

Back-Engineered Data
From the original human creation to Alexa. From Balaam's donkey to Amazon's cloud-based voice. The instant shift in consciousness. The singularity in your pocket.

Back-engineered data from the original human creation to hybrid programs of Alexa, Amazon's cloud- based voice, and every global system of boundless nonexistence, the tripling of population enabled the data to provoke the instant change in consciousness, put Singularity in your pocket.

Bosch and the New Order

The dark web's get-up on Netflix.
The telomeres of the mouse,
stretched. The longevity kings.

Bosch shows the terms under which the superposition of time and place occurs in transplantation. Take the notion of humans as cows up a notch. Uberman (Übermensch, Overman) to the enemy and avenger in everyday life in a familiar form of the fantastic, the worldliness of Starlink from above and 5G below.

Algorithm Cows
Cows cannot remember their last blissful chew. The prophets of herds milk the herd. The herd milks them in turn.

All states of this new order prepare superman.
Speckled and spotted cows cannot remember the last blissful chew. Prophets of cow herds, investors, teachers and poets who milk the herd are milked in turn to prepare for the overwhelming.

Every word of this unity is hard wrought in Balaam and Bosch. The dark web Get Up of Netflix directors at Thiel take the mouse telomere and think to live forever. Evergreen

kings move in stillness like a doped Canadian. These are the cows Zarathustra disturbs in his dissolved robes. These are the texts and nontexts of the ruling class.

Marching to orders, “the structural shadow that underpins a culture of total consumerism and amnesia allows us to drive out the shadow cast by one “bad” person in order to preserve the intrinsic corruption of the whole system. The whole system is the Cloud based algorithm that trains algorithm. Robert Bly training Jordan Peterson.

The Algorithm Long Neck

"It moves as you move. Almost as if it knows where you are going." It reveals clues only you could find. But it was always for you. Specifically tailored.

As the algorithm learns how to train the algorithm to train the algorithm to turn and twist modern Jacobs to not wrestle with the good “the long necks with dragon heads move as the research moves. In my mind, it does not merely react to what you do, it follows with you,

almost as if it knows where you are going…it reveals clues that only you could find. Specifically tailored for you and only you (*Montauk Files* (Wells) 13).

The Uncanny in Psychological Studies Bosch illustrates contradictions of youth and old age. Adversaries embrace freedom to deceive the enslaved. Dogs salivate at a bell if holes are cut in their cheeks to measure it. Monarch butterflies lose their way if you cut off their antennas.

Psychological studies that *read the unconscious of persons* in every momentary surrender of action and speech turn the everyday upside down. Bosch illustrates the surface in contradictions of youth and old age smitten in trespasses and sins, Dante below.

The Overwhelming

Bosch knew. The Get Up knew. The Ubermensch knew. Prophets of cow herds whisper to Balaam's donkey. The algorithm governs the last blissful chew.

They speak to one another revealing the leviathan's mixing

wheat and tares so one can tell truth apart from false *wood*.

Ambivalence Cannot Tell Wheat from Tares
But the Leviathan mixes them well.
But new life that supplants the details of old depravity explores outside what details might be imposed.

Hybrid Alters

The antennae of the butterfly allow navigation. Navigation is identity. The removal of identity is genocide.

Do you get that role-playing adversaries embrace freedom in order to deceive the enslaved? Ambivalence cannot tell wheat and tares apart. Dogs will salivate at a bell if holes are cut in their cheeks to measure it. Monarch butterflies will lose their way if you cut off their antennas and set them adrift.

Navigation Lost

The ones without antennae fly in all directions. Those intact all go southwest. The algorithm trains the algorithm to train the algorithm. The unconscious turns modern Jacobs into cowherds.

Hybrid alters and aliens are first symbolic as a metaphor of identity. The antennae of the Monarch butterfly enable navigation. Navigation enables the identity of the butterfly to function as a living being. That its identity is removed for any reason is a crime, but if that is a crime these experimental processes applied to human beings are genocide.

Surveillance and Memory

Spotted cows cannot recall their fate. Balaam's donkey resists the angel.
Cow driving is algorithm. Cows and Balaam's donkeys, Jacob's sheep and goats and the surveillance bulls of brazen metal feet to crush. Cow flocks stand in every state for slaughters of enthusiasts. Fairy tale eating disorders in a Cake House pull apart. Professor Fairy Tales instruct children of the fallen who run the world. What do you think the original English *faer* is for? To call that good requires a headlong sudden fall. *Faergrygrum* is the rule in other words for Stanford / Harvard to make cows out of an ornate promise of a digital cake roofs, gold grapefruits and technicolor sheep.

Self driving cars are a stalking horse for this alien.

GMO Minds

Hybrid transgenic rabbits. Fluorescent jellyfish genes. Animal-men and plant-men. Monsanto owns the field.

Animal-men, plant-men like GMO seed elites drift into the farmer's field Monsanto claims for infringement. It owns those genes.

The Monarch's Brain
The brain cannot remember what has been added to the water.

Human be more skip-head X-men, Bat-man, Hat-man flying all directions simulates "the ones without antennae flying in all directions, compared to those intact all going southwest." Pan, post, trans, "without their feelers, the butterflies lost their navigation of the sun. [*Wired.* Hadley Leggett] The possibilities of shaping in any direction were almost endless, said Watson of the human engineered to people who lost their inner map because they held it in their hand.

Balaam’s Cow and Bosch’s Man

Who is the herd? Who is the shepherd? Do not remember. Do not think. Keep marching.

When a virus spread from transplanting lilies prevents concentration and the clocks break delirium has lights out, fingers on the wrong keys. Then the high figures come from their encampments. Individual defects removed, replaced by *Societry, induced infancy of controlled chaos expands group oriented personalities. Ted K is administered traumas to provoke dissociation of culture fantasy and superstition. Rainbows and unicorns.

The Ending Without an End

"The chief actors are the yoga monsters plucked from Nobel prize winners. Where human values are reshaped."

The chief actors were yoga monsters plucked from Nobel prize winners where human values got reshaped.

Darlings of literature desecrated the rural butterfly. Faulkner's *Sanctuary* boasts "a mosaic of furious evil, of cold brutality, of human viciousness and human hopelessness." Flannery O'Connor's orphan backcountry of persons like a Sophocles of maimed souls. Cormac McCarthy gave next level adrenochrome elites what they couldn't get from Poe. Burger joints, mad artists, multicolored LBJ portraits and hot culture cocaine Hawthorne smeared with datura "live the sin, aspire to the virtue, lust for grace. I am a fallen man and I know it, and I accept the torture of living this fact" (Bowden. *Blues for Cannibals.* 6).

> **No record of the past, the brain could not remember additions to the water, unknown gases. Before microwaves and bulbocapnine reported that the Soviets had broken the 'genetic code' of the brain to 44 digits, 22 frequency bands across the EM spectrum, eleven frequencies independent, those channels that could be 'phase-locked' made Nuclear plants on the scalar grid get hot. Suitcase Bushido strikes could imprint disease by reproducing the disease 'signature' replaced the**

thousand underground nuclear tests at Muroroa Atoll that made a time-portal. Government promised pandemic at every election cycle.

Spotted multiples of these processes in the water trough codes for electronic dissolution of memory. Fluoride for the *Rear occipital treated with aluminum, barium, and breezium. Submission through water. Memory in the Water, the brain could not remember what was added. But then it did.*

Balaam, the Angel and the Ass

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